

VOGUE



Continental
Edition

CONDÉ NAST, Publisher

Early May
Prix 2 Francs



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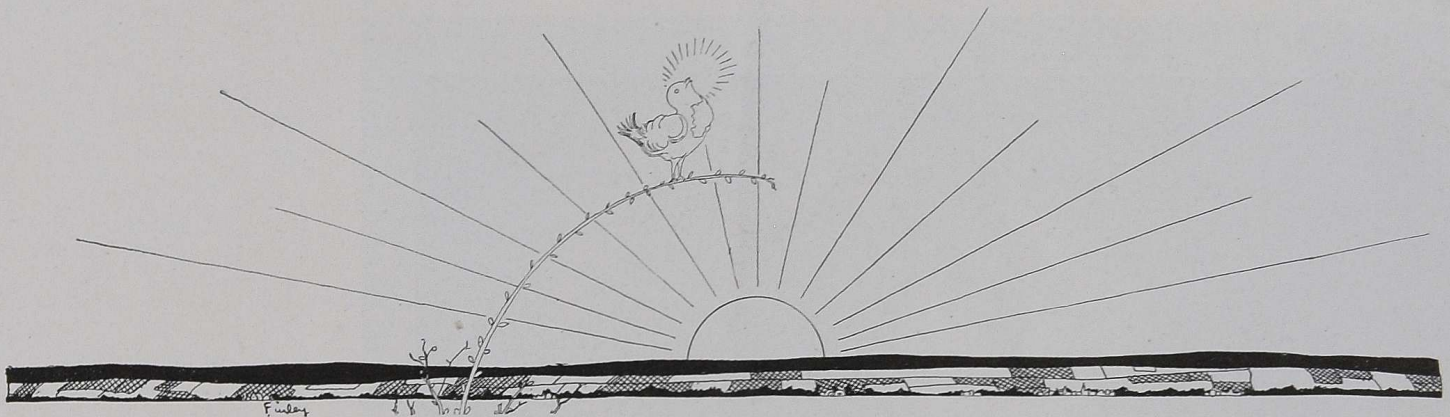
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LET US MAKE OUR WEDDINGS PICTURESQUE

IT is really too bad, this matter of weddings. Something ought surely to be done about it. Why, after all, does one always feel it necessary to trail up the aisle to the altar—that rose-strewn way of all flesh—clad in the conventional white satin gown?—to be attended by conventionally dainty maids of honour?—to be wept for by mothers conventionally grey-and-lavender and marcelled?—and, worst of all, to marry the appallingly conventional bridegroom? Somebody, aptly enough, has propounded the theory that it is the grey-striped trousers of the groom, which, once and for all, discourage any attempt at gaiety and originality in the matter of weddings. The most daring and artistic of brides, in planning her wedding ceremony, might imagine something charming, strange, perhaps, different, surely. Even her bright courage fails, however, before those fatal and gloomily proper trousers.

Use her imagination as she will, she cannot see herself being married to a rather pensive gentleman in blue satin knee breeches, edged

with frivolities like lace ruffles. There is levity in the thought, unfortunately. Therein lies the tragedy.

One must admit, however grudgingly, that a bridegroom is practically a necessity at any wedding. But, hapless soul that he is, why must he eternally rise to smite every artistic possibility dully to the ground with his staidly correct attire?

WEDDINGS WITH THE CHARM OF PAGEANTRY

Now, granted that one accepts this rather insurmountable obstacle in the matter of uninspiring white waistcoats and trousers, are there no other methods of accomplishing things of beauty in the way of pageantry? Vogue believes that a wedding doesn't really have to be as unchangingly conventional as the spots of that strong-minded animal who long ago won fame through a certain tenacious fondness for the markings of his own skin. It can wear the perennial silver of fairyland.

Vogue, over and over again, has offered different suggestions for unusual weddings. It has described delicate Watteau fantasies, exquisite alleys of pink and purple hydrangeas set like a stage rainbow, effects lovely beyond words. It has drawn bridal gowns and veil arrangements to bring out all the bride's individual witchery. The smart wedding, however, remains only too often a conventional unchanging affair. Yet, much remains to be done, and again Vogue seeks to give suggestions that will transform that correct and proper charm of the usual correct and proper wedding into something which more nearly approaches the dream that every woman knows.

The wedding day belongs supremely to the bride. It is the most dramatic and exquisite moment of her life. In the usual course of events, no other experience she is to realize will be wholly comparable to this. Why, then, should the stage not be set in some wholly lovely but quite different way? Must she, perforce, do as all other brides have done?

VOL. NO. 53. NO. 8

WHOLE NO. 1117

Cover Design by George W. Plank

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VOGUE is published on the fifth and the twentieth of every month by the Vogue Company 19 West 44th Street, New York; Condé Nast, President; Barrett Andrews, Vice-President; W. E. Beckerle, Treasurer; Edna Woolman Chase, Editor; Heyworth Campbell, Art Director; Philippe Ortiz, European Director.

Manuscripts, Drawings, and Photographs submitted must be accompanied by stamps for return if unsuitable. Unsolicited contributions will be carefully considered, but the Editors can take no responsibility for loss or damage in transmission.

The Subscription Rate to Vogue, including postage for Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australasia, is 48 francs per annum, payable in advance. Subscriptions should be sent to

PARIS OFFICE
VOGUE
2 Rue Edouard VII

Telephone: Central { 15-53
 { 97-88
 { 29-26
 { 09-01
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NEW YORK
19 West 44th Street
Rolls House
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LADY

VICTORIA

RAMSAY

Princess Patricia became Lady Victoria Ramsay in a gown of exquisite beauty. The long dignified lines of brocaded cream panne velvet fell over a silver lace underskirt, and at the waist was a tiny bunch of heather and myrtle. The glorious train of silver cloth had a design at once bold and beautiful in lilies with raised stamens. The rare old lace veil was an heirloom descended from Queen Charlotte, who wore it at her own wedding



Lady Victoria Ramsay
"went away" in a hat of
softest gray straw over
which poured frail gray
paradise

LONDON SEES *the* WEDDING of a FAVOURITE PRINCESS

The Wedding of Princess Patricia of Connaught Was Made from
Romance and the Trousseau from Glowing Silks and Soft Quiet
Cloths, Touched to Perfection by the Skilful Makers

ONCE upon a time, it was thought that a royal marriage could only be an affair of state, one of those magnificent and inevitable occasions, such as coronations, where jewels and ceremony played a much greater part than romance. But the favourite among English princesses, the Princess Patricia, has proved that even a princess may prefer romance to royalty, and has discarded her title, with its accompanying prerogatives and immunities, to become Lady Victoria Ramsay, the wife of Commander Alexander Robert Maule Ramsay, R. N., second son of the Earl of Dalhousie.

A PRINCESS DISCARDS HER TITLE

From childhood, the Princess Patricia, daughter of the Duke of Connaught and first cousin to King George V, has dared to be herself and is for that reason, a very interesting person. Endowed with an eager artistic personality, she has always had the wide sympathies which have made her so popular with the English people. With characteristic impulse and unconventionality, Princess Patricia chose to marry a commoner, a younger son of the Earl of Dalhousie. This alone was not so remarkable a thing to do, for, with the King's permission, marriages such as this one have occurred before. The difference lay in the fact that Princess Patricia voluntarily relinquished her title as Princess, for there is no English law to make her do this, that she might become more nearly the equal in rank of her husband, preferring this to high title.

With the assumption of her new title, Lady Victoria Ramsay lost those prerogatives belonging to a Princess of the Blood. No longer may she enter the Royal Palace unannounced. Her place at royal functions will be filled by another; she may not even sit at the table with Royalty unless especially invited. Although she has lost her place in the line of succession, the new Lady Victoria Ramsay's heirs will not be in

Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, was distinguished by a mushroom-coloured Georgette crêpe frock of extreme grace and simplicity. From the waist falls a brilliant sash in sapphire blue and old-gold

Among all the frills and silks of the trousseau, one comes upon a quiet little suit of blue serge and discovers that distinction lurks in the plaited skirt and charm in the revers of patterned navy blue foulard



the least affected by her change in rank, but will hold the same place that would have been theirs had the Princess Patricia of Connaught chosen to retain her title.

All these complications have, perhaps, been part of the reason for the extreme interest that this wedding has caused in England; for it is certain that no social event since the war has created so great a stir.

Princess Patricia chose Westminster Abbey in which to be married. It was a romantic and splendid *mise-en-scène* for this immense wedding, in which the ceremony was witnessed by nearly three thousand guests. No wedding has been held in the Abbey for many years, so that, in choosing it, the Princess Patricia again expressed the originality characteristically hers. True to her wishes there was no attempt at decoration, and only the dim loftiness of the Gothic arches formed the setting for this royal wedding.

The wedding was held at high noon on Thursday, the twenty-seventh of February. No sun slanted through the stained glass windows—there was no sun to shine. Indeed, the only imperfection in the whole beautiful affair was the weather, which was cold, gray, and dismal.

INSIDE THE ABBEY

Inside the Abbey, however, it was neither gray nor dismal, for the great space was literally crowded with a radiance of uniforms and orders, velvets and jewels. Only by very minute searching could one recognize a familiar face or discover what was worn by a distinguished guest. The Crown Princess of Sweden, who had come to England especially for her sister's wedding, was gowned in delicate beige Georgette crêpe with touches of cherry colour in the embroidery and lining and cherry coloured feathers on her broad gray straw hat. Another charming gown was



A very radiant dinner frock trails a slinky length of apple green satin behind its blue mousseline de soie draped skirt. The corsage is of green and gold shot taffeta and the fly-away sleeves are steadied by tassels of gold



So happy a tea-gown could belong only to a bride whose days are to be all rose and gold. A gold-embroidered net overdress is flung over the sheathing pink velvet foundation, and sable gives the final touch of luxury

TROUSSEAU BY REVILLE AND ROSSITER

worn by Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone. It was also of Georgette crêpe, graceful and simple in line and colour. The only touch of brilliance to contrast with the mushroom colour was the girdle of sapphire blue and old-gold tissue.

THE WEDDING GOWN

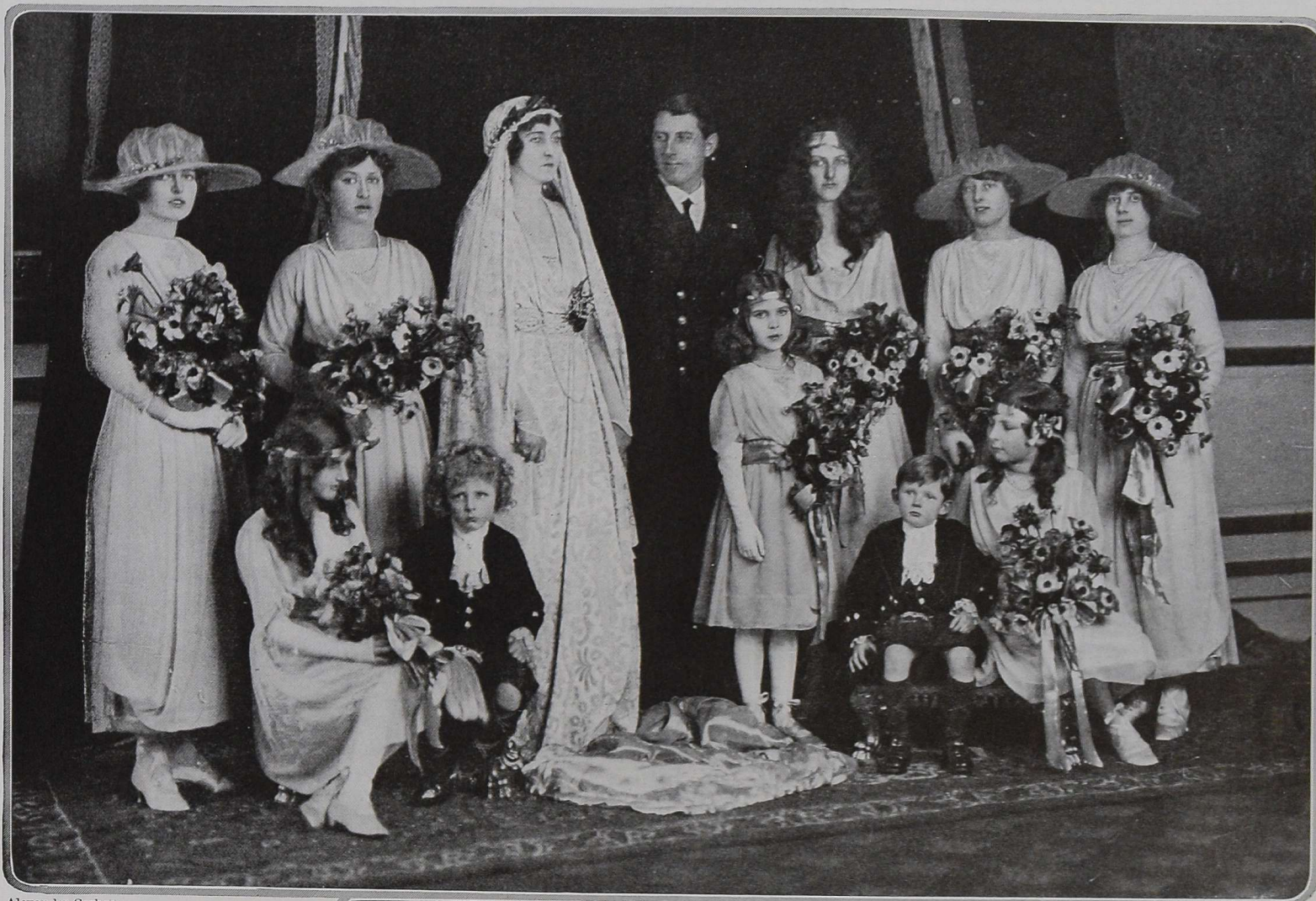
But the great interest, of course, centered around the bridal party, which consisted of eight bridesmaids in rare and lovely gowns of blue, and the bride on the arm of her father, the Duke of Connaught. Princess Patricia wore a gown so exquisite and soft and gleaming that words are but poor things with which to paint it. Brocaded panne velvet falling simply over an underdress of silver was the fragile substance of it. And there was a bunch of heather and myrtle at the waist, and a train that streamed its silver length to many shining yards. The very old veil of priceless lace, an heirloom from the days of Queen Charlotte, was fastened to the head by a wreath of myrtle. The something extremely new, which is traditional with every superstitious bride, was furnished by the bridal bouquet presented by "Princess Pat's Canadian Regiment" and tied with the regimental colours.

And after it was all over and the registrar impressively signed, the bride and bridegroom

stepped into a semi-state landau drawn by four horses and were carried away to St. James' Palace. The bride wore no hat and was wrapped in a coat to match her gown, a coat of panne velvet lined with ermine and collared with white fox. This dazzling whiteness and the scarlet jackets of her outriders gave picturesqueness and colour to the gray dullness of the streets, where crowds had gathered to watch this very popular Princess drive by on her wedding-day.

For further proof of her popularity in England, one may turn to the seven hundred wedding gifts shown in St. James' Palace a few days before the wedding. They included everything from the humblest basket to the superb collection of jewels, which formed the Princess Patricia's share of the jewels which she and her sister, the Crown Princess of Sweden, inherited from their mother, the Duchess of Connaught. The ingenuity of the Princess's friends expended itself largely on such treasures as antique furniture, plate, bibelots of porcelain and jade, and books. One of the bridegroom's presents was an old Chinese cabinet in black and gold lacquer, which reflected the prevalent taste for the workmanship of the Celestial Empire. Besides joining with him in the exchange of dressing-bags, customary in England, the bride presented the bridegroom with a charm-

(Continued on page 91)



Alexander Corbett

(Above) This very noble wedding party is composed from left to right of: Lady Helena Cambridge, Princess Mary, Princess Patricia of Connaught, Commander Alexander R. M. Ramsay, R.N., Lady Ida Ramsay, Lady Mary Cambridge, Princess Maud. From right to left: Lady May Cambridge, the little Earl of Macduff, Princess Ingrid of Sweden, the Honourable Simon Ramsay, and Lady Jean Ramsay



Central News

(Left) Happy crowds along the London streets after the wedding ceremony welcomed the passing of the bride and bridegroom in the semi-state landau which was drawn by four horses. Lady Victoria Ramsay was wrapped in a coat of cream velvet and snowy fox, which was designed to match her wedding dress. This whiteness and the scarlet coats of the outriders contrasted brilliantly with the grey dreariness of the streets

A FORMAL AND AN INFORMAL GLIMPSE OF LADY

VICTORIA RAMSAY ON HER WEDDING - DAY



It's wedding time again, and fair maidens who are not wearing bridal white are searching for something just as lovely in which to be a bridesmaid. Lucky is she who finds that she becomes a gown of beige lace, caught in back above slim silk ankles and crossed at the sides with jade green ribbons. Tied around the waist by a sash ending in soft loops is an apron of accordion plaited beige chiffon. Atop a sleek dark head, a Nimiche hat of beige leghorn with trailing eccentric ostrich plume of jade green is the very climax of a perfect costume. Even in a madly rushing world satiated with variety, the white-clad figure of a bride still holds the restless attention. This little bride, in her gracefully draped white charmeuse with sleeves and yoke of frail Duchess lace, is especially

worthy of notice. Like fairy bells, great tassels of pearls swing from her sleeves and sway at her waist. They are woven into a panel train that drips from the waist-line, and they also band the neck and narrow hem. From a band of pearls the glorious veil of Duchess lace floats like a cloud, with rosy chiffon lining for a happy day. Jade green chiffon sheathes the other bridesmaid from slender ankle to slenderer wrist. On the caught-up overskirt, the silver embroidery that covers the underdress appears boldly in a band, as it does on sleeves, girdle, and waist. Pastel shaded silk flowers give delicate colour to the front of the bodice, and over it all swoops a Directoire hat of beige leghorn that bears its frail weight of palely coloured silk flowers with an air of insouciance

DESIGNS BY HELEN DRYDEN

WHEN THE INFINITE CHARMS OF BRIDAL WHITE GLEAM AND QUIVER FROM CHARMEUSE AND PEARLS,

THEN INDEED IT TAKES ARTFUL PERFECTION FOR BRIDESMAIDS TO HOLD THEIR OWN BESIDE THEM

PEARLS *and* TULLE SPIN BRIDAL WITCHERIES



Baron de Meyer

Pearls, as everybody knows, were made especially for brides. In the photograph above,—which shows in detail the costume designed by Baron de Meyer, which appears in full on page 45—pearl earrings and long strands of these lustrous jewels are used with a gown of silver cloth and

silver net embroidered delicately with pearls. Ethereal and most unusual is the halo-like head-dress which frames the face with a web of light. A hoop of orange blossoms encircles a puff of tulle which hangs in a long veil down the back, following the trains like a spray of silver

A head-dress and veil may be simple in arrangement and yet of unusual beauty. The glittering splendour of these Mercury wings of platinum solidly set with diamonds might have graced the marriage of a Brunhild. Close and yet flexible, the head-dress clasps about the head the veil of rose point which falls at the back and drifts into a long train of airy loveliness.



(Left, below) To read fortunes from this hand one need not so much as peep at the palm. Given a swathing of rose point lace, a beautifully jewelled circlet of platinum and diamonds, an ivory prayer-book, from which swing orange blossom garlands on silver ribbons, all the fates are clear. The bride's prayer-book is from Theodore B. Starr; laces from Mrs. Raymond Bell.

(Below) The final words in costuming the bride are her accessories. A diamond barrette is a brilliant addition to the bridal jewels, and this veil of rose point might fitly belong among her laces. The white satin slippers have a garniture of lace, ribbon, and orange blossoms; from Slater. The garland is of unusual beauty.



(Below) Among the treasures of the bride, are the white ostrich feather fan with its beautiful amber handle and diamond clasp, and the pearl necklace, strung, in a way now in favour, with the larger pearls on the side. The small jewel box is of Legion blue enamel, and the perfume bottle of deep blue enamel, pearl-studded.



Baron de Meyer

FAN AND JEWELS FROM CARTIER

*Laces, Jewels, and Accessories
Are Almost as Necessary to a
Wedding as the Bride Herself*





DE MEYER.

Baron de Meyer

BRIDAL GOWN DESIGNED BY BARON DE MEYER

Lovely enough for any marriage made on earth or, for that matter, in heaven, is a gown of silver cloth combined with net of silver and orange blossoms and pearls. Slim, straight, and long of line, it trails its shining stateliness to the altar in square trains which are formed by panels of the silver cloth, silver-lined with

the net, swinging from the bodice. The tight-fitting bodice has long sleeves of the net of silver, traced at the wrist with embroidery of pearls. Just below the shoulder, after a fashion picturesque and unusual, shines a band of the silver cloth. Orange blossoms are looped across the front of the gown in a slim garland



Baron de Meyer

These two little maids (bridesmaids, of course), ruffles, poke bonnets, shy glances, and all, are tripping to the Directoire wedding in frocks of orchid chiffon, trimmed with lace insertion. Chiffon ruffles trimmed with lace finish the wide, off-the-shoulder neck-lines. The short little sleeves, like all quaint little sleeves, puff out and out, and the primmest of bows in the back finish the sashes of orchid satin; flowers from Schling

WHEN JOSEPH DESIGNED A DIRECTOIRE

BRIDAL GOWN, HE REMEMBERED POKE BON-

NETS AND RUFFLES FOR THE BRIDESMAIDS



Any little bride would turn her back unconcernedly, even on the groom himself, to display the full charm of the Directoire gown shown on page 47. White chiffon lines the satin train, which hangs in a straight panel below the bottom of the dress. The quaint frill at the top of the train follows the airy suggestion used at the top of the veil. Above the puffed Directoire sleeve and following the shoulder lines are caps of lace, wired to stand high, like little wings to blow her—pouf!—back again to the eighteenth century

(Below) Because she is sure of her own charm, this Directoire bride dares to stand beside bridesmaids wearing provocative poke bonnets of Leghorn in natural colour, faced with orchid satin, and trimmed with orchid colour moire ribbon. Silk roses of the palest pink grow on the brims, and the coyest one of all tips over one side. Like the bride herself, her maids wear silk mitts, and their bouquets are old-fashioned and frilled with lace paper





DEMMEYER

Baron de Meyer

POSED BY SYLVIA TELL

One may be ever so willing to love and honour,—one may even pretend to be quite willing to obey, temporarily at least,—in the most demure of bridal gowns, designed by Joseph, that is all one cloud of cream coloured net and lace and white satin. The graceful modes of the Directoire inspired this gown, and in the same spirit were designed the bridesmaid's frocks of orchid chiffon on the opposite page. Over a foundation of satin falls a veiling of

lace and net. A slightly high waist-line is accentuated by the draped bodice of satin, caught into a corsage of orange blossoms. And the bride's gracious glances steal out from under a veil of white lace, outlined in orange blossoms. From the back the flowing tulle veil is shirred into an outstanding frill across the back of the head. Of course she wears lace mitts, of course she carries a white kid prayer-book. As for her prayers, of course—



DEMEYER

Baron de Meyer

BRIDAL GOWN DESIGNED BY FRANCES

It is necessary, of course, to have a groom at one's wedding, if only for the sake of providing a background for so exquisite a gown as this one of white charmeuse and chiffon run with cordings of white satin and an embroidery of seed pearls. The skirt is a series of draperies, and the draped ends tie in a loose knot and hang free. The bodice, entirely of chiffon over satin and lace, has long loose sleeves.

Over her face, the bride wears a veil of white tulle, and the cap is formed by an ornament of chiffon and pearls making a band about the head. In the front, the veil runs to the waist; in the back, it runs to long lengths, following the train. Most unusual and lovely is the garland of white pansies, gardenias, and smilax which the bride carries instead of a bouquet; garlands and decorations by Schling



Baron de Meyer
BRIDAL GOWN BY SCHNEIDER-ANDERSON

POSED BY MARY EATON

If one likes, one can wear, instead of tulle, a veil made of a scarf of Duchess and point lace. A wide band of Brussels appliqué is drawn across the top of the head and a narrower band under the chin; lace from Mrs. Raymond Bell

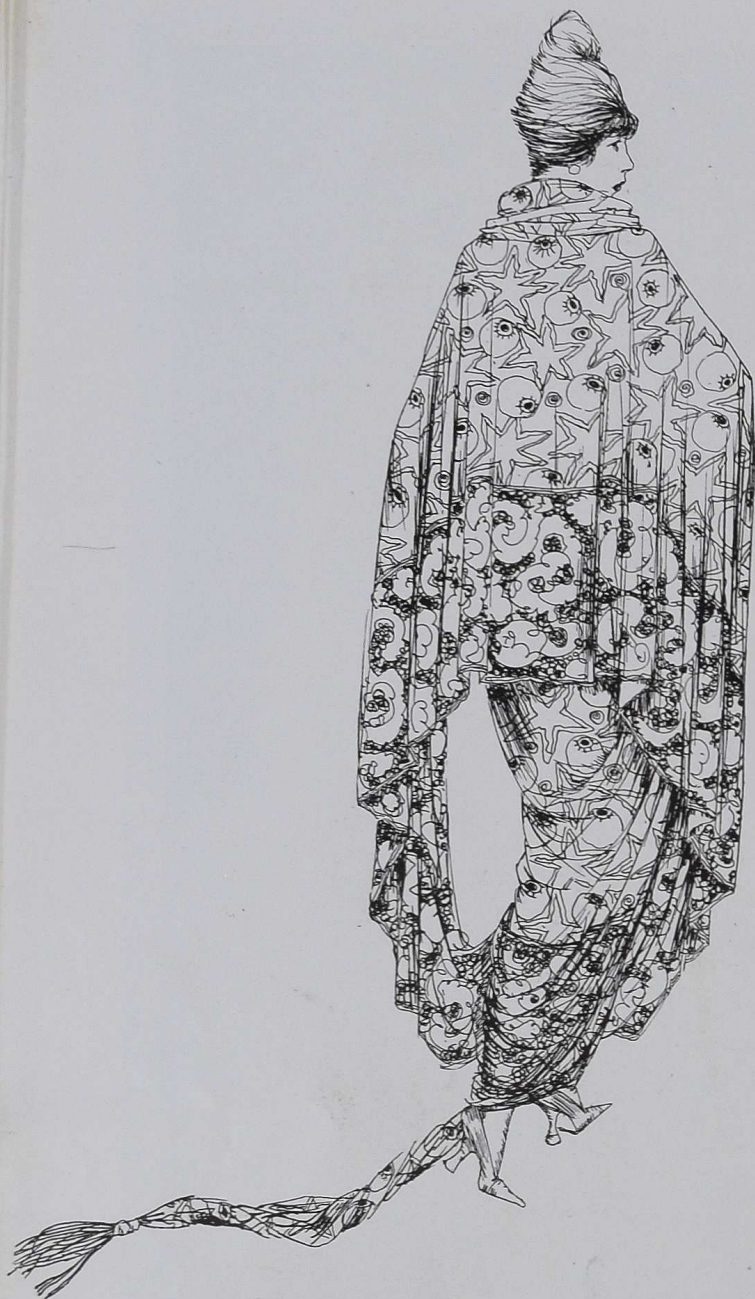


Almost always one thinks of the bridesmaid in terms of pink, and so Frances designed this rosy frock of pink chiffon and dotted cream coloured net. At the front a cluster of silk flowers blossom in heliotrope and pink. The large hat is of pink horsehair braid with a flounce of lace around the brim

PINK IS THE COLOUR OF BRIDES-
MAIDS, AND AS FOR THE BRIDE—
ALL IS WHITE LACE AND SATIN

Golden hair and a pensive glance and a mist of white chiffon and satin,—one knows, of course, that it is Mary Eaton in a bridal gown. The long skirt is cleverly draped, and the chiffon bodice, made over satin, has a sleeveless jacket of lace. A Dutch cap of lace and tulle, outlined by orange blossoms, forms the very long veil





Part of the French exuberance has poured itself into gowns and wraps of dazzling loveliness. Jenny caught the festive mood of Paris in a wrap as beautiful as it is bizarre. It is of green and gold brocade in bold rich pattern, and the upper part hangs like a deep shawl. There is a lining of green chiffon and a deep border of black lace to the shawl top and narrow closely swathed bottom. Underneath it all is the gleam of gold cloth

MODELS FROM BENDEL



Jenny encouraged a frock of rose taffeta in delightful caprices. Over a well-behaved petticoat and bodice of gold lace, she added a puff of pink taffeta which managed, in an unexpected manner, to form a bustle and a train at the same time. Then it decked the end of its pert train absurdly with rose coloured pompoms of ostrich and added one to each shoulder in a captivatingly frivolous French way. The sash is of wisteria ribbon



A gay gown of gold brocade tries to make up for the extreme brevity of its skirt by an assumption of dignity in a mighty train. The bodice is severe with its neck-line, and gold embroidery, though under a cloud, does not cease to glimmer alluringly from under the gold net swathing the waist. Ostrich fringe of gold colour tries to counteract the short-comings of the skirt, and with gold beads and embroidery Doucet helps the train on its long, long way

PARIS DINES AND DANCES IN

SUCH DAZZLING CREATIONS AS

THESE IT SENDS TO NEW YORK

COSTUMES OF SERGE OR GABAR-

DINE WERE NEVER SMARTER

OR MORE OBVIOUSLY FRENCH

MODELS FROM BENDEL



A collar, says Jenny's geography, may be an entirely isolated object. So she established no means of communication between this mannish collar of blue gabardine with a turn-over of white batiste, and the unattached street frock of blue gabardine, also—and very smart. The frock fastens on the left side with a row of large pearl buttons which continues over the shoulder and down the skirt, in a profusion to exhaust the old "Rich man, Poor man" nursery rhyme. The sleeves are short, and a belt of black satin ends in deep silk fringe

Even with three guesses it would be hard to conjecture Lanvin's inspiration for this two-piece costume of fine blue gabardine. The simple one-piece frock has a new straight neck-line, finished by the most becoming of crisp white organdie frills, also new. The full cape, shirred into a band, buttons to the dress and follows the neck-line. But the fashion and the pattern in which the French blue taffeta is applied to the skirt, new as they look, were suggested by the pattern of an old-fashioned quilt

There is no telling to what lengths waistcoats may go when Jenny follows a penchant for combining lighter materials with her street frocks, for this insatiable affair of white linen with large pearl buttons stopped only at the bottom of the skirt. The appended frock is of black gabardine with inserts of black and white material. The sleeves are short, as one might expect of Jenny. This frock, in spite of its patent leather belt, intended to be straight in line, and so, as one sees, it was





It would seem as if sometime, somewhere, imagination must grow exhausted and refuse to contrive new fancies to please the capricious feminine taste. Not so, however, the amazing French imagination. Here, in the guise of Premet, it does all sorts of charming things to black taffeta and calls it "Colonial." The broad ballooning effect around the hips is already quite the most popular effect in Paris, and the flutings of taffeta ravelled at the edges, that trim the sides and sleeves, are going to be so. The net collar is an obliging little thing and is low to suit one or high to please another—all by means of a black ribbon adjusted through ivory rings. Paquin indulges the Paris penchant for silk frocks with wraps of serge or gabardine by "Message," a frock of navy blue foulard with a coat of plaited blue gabardine lined with foulard. The white belt with blue embroidery and the white linen lining to the collar and cuffs, only a Frenchman would dare. Since Paris is frocked and caped and suited with impartiality, Renée has devised "Leulette," which is a bit of all three. The one-piece dress of blue gabardine has a short cape of its own, and when they go out together, they give the effect of a suit. The cape is sleeveless and belted in front. Both dress and cape very sensibly chose black braid for their trimming.

MODELS FROM THURN

THE INEXHAUSTIBLE GENIUS OF PARIS DEVISES NEW COMBINATIONS OF MATERIALS WITH FANCIFUL TRIMMINGS TO TEMPT THE MOST DISCRIMINATING TASTE



(Left) Insouciant and original in design as may be the characteristic models of the French couturiers, none were more so than these airy conceptions of the black evening gown which Paris favours. For "The Black Crow," Royant wrapped the most lustrous of heavy black satin into a long-waisted bodice which knotted at the side, draped it into an inadequate skirt which managed somehow to cover the knees, and trailed it into a length of train. True to its namesake, he adapted the inky breast plumage of the raven for the feather band. For the black evening gown "Plume," Martial et Armand chose ostrich feathers. Wide bands of the trimming, black as night and light as the bouffant net over-skirt, follow the line of the skirt, which is shorter in front. Presumably one walks in the short and tight underskirt of satin, but floating suggests itself as the better method of locomotion. The voluminous blouse has short sleeves. Just a whiff of black chiffon, the next gown adopted the name of "The Ribbon," and offered bands of black satin ribbon loops around the sleeves and the skirt and surplice line of the bodice to give it plausibility. Then Roland allowed a length of train, to give dignity if not substance, and permitted the straight skirt to part, giving the shimmer of a black satin foundation

MODELS FROM THURN

TO A WHIFF OF CHIFFON OR FEATHERS, PARIS ADDS A LONG TRAIN AND A BREATH-

LESSLY SHORT SKIRT, AND CALLS THE AUDACIOUS RESULT AN EVENING GOWN



DESIGNS BY HELEN DRYDEN



*Botticelli might have drawn her
With her wedding dream upon her,
—Rippling clouds of floating veiling un-
derneath a pearly strand;
In a manner most artistic,
Charming, Florentine, and mystic,
Carrying a pensive lily in her mediæval
hand.*

BRIDES PETITE, DEMURE, AND MERRY

WEAR A VEILING QUAIN AND AIRY

*Brides of dark and siren mystery,
Hinting at romantic history,
Wear a turban soft and Eastern over
luring veils of foam;
Tall and queenly and majestic,
Most æsthetic, less domestic,
—They have theories that woman's
place is seldom in the home.*



*Here's a little bride distracting,
In the Empire mode exacting,
Piling over chiffon veiling golden
ringlets high and higher;
Now demure and now vivacious,
She will use a manner gracious,
Modeling a wilful husband nearer
to the heart's desire.*



*For a bride with temperamental
Eyes oblique and Oriental,
Here's a way to sleek her tresses into
outlines quite Chinese;
Underneath the veil she's wearing,
Glances innocent or daring
Prove that wedding tulle was fashioned
for flirtations such as these.*

QUEENLY BRIDES, WITH MANNERS STATELY,

TAKE THE WEDDING VEIL SEDATELY

*And when Lillian, light and airy,
Takes it in her head to marry,
Prim and high her curls are gathered
in the coy Victorian way;
Led demurely to the altar,
Blushing, shy, she will not falter
Though she promises to honour and to
love—but not obey.*





On condition of extreme youth, one is allowed to wrap braids about one's head and into an astonishing knot right in front, and to have a Topsy-like fringe of small braids besides; coiffure by Antoine

PARIS TAKES AFTERTHOUGHT OF THE OPENINGS

THE Louvre has reopened its doors and Paris may see again at least a part of its treasures. In the Lacaze gallery is an exhibition of the additions to the collections which have been made during the last four years, and some of them are wonderful. There is, for example, the collection bequeathed by M. Schlitting, a Russian collector, who died in August, 1914, and in this are admirable works of Boucher, Lépicié, Prud'hon, Greuze, and many other artists of note. There is also a very beautiful bust by the Florentine, Mino da Fiesole, a work executed in 1464 and of a rare loveliness.

PARIS VISITS THE LOUVRE

Every afternoon these galleries are thronged with women of fashion; it is quite the thing to pause for a few moments at the Louvre before going on to a tea or some other social function. Thus the Louvre has become the stage of a *revue de modes*, and one sees there most delightful costumes, true springtime frocks, such as were seen briefly at the recent openings.

Toillaine and fine serge are among the favoured fabrics and most of the costumes are very short, I might even say, too short. There are many capes, both long and short, and smart little hats worn slightly tilted give a rebellious air.

Is there, on the whole, to be much change in the mode in Paris? I think not. There is less truth to-day in Montesquieu's remark in his "Lettres Persanes," which pictures the Paris of his day in the words, "I find the caprices of fashion in France amazing. All the world here has forgotten how it was clad last summer. It is even less sure how it will be clad next winter, and above all no one can even guess how much it costs a man to keep his wife fashionably gowned."

It is only this last statement which holds true to-day. It is, indeed, very difficult, even with the best intentions, to resist the charms of the collections which the "Grandes Maisons" have recently shown us.

THE DOUCET COLLECTION

Among the latest of the openings was that of Doucet, and the collection maintained the traditions of the house. Long jackets of serge or tussur, with somewhat more fulness than in recent years, are worn there over skirts usually narrow. Beneath these jackets were long blouses of striped tussur in brilliant colours; these fell

Art May Be Long, Says Paris, Once More

Flitting through the Louvre En Route to

Tea, but Skirts Are Not at All of That Mind



De Givenchy

At the marriage of Mademoiselle Marie-Madeleine Allard to the Baron de Surville, Mademoiselle Allard wore an interesting gown of silk voile in soft and flowing lines, with a garland of orange blossoms to outline the crossing of the bodice above the wide draped belt. The effect of a Turkish costume is suggested by the arrangement of the skirt drapery, and the enveloping bridal veil is of point d'Alençon

about five centimeters below the jacket, and below them the skirt appeared. The effect was definitely new. Other blouses, shorter than these, were of great variety, usually in mousseline de soie, crêpe de Chine, or gold embroidered linon and sometimes longer, sometimes shorter than the jacket. These blouses are longer in back than in front and are called waistcoats, but they are in reality, blouses.

The short jackets have a suggestion of fulness in the back, and the sleeves are long. Some of the long waists are full at the sides only, where they are gathered as far as the under arm. This gathered section is covered with rows of fringe or with silk braiding, black or matching the costume.

Some skirts have an unexpected way of stopping before they reach the waist. These skirts are straight and without fulness up to the hip-line, but at that point they widen into godet plaits in which pockets are set, and along the line of these plaits the skirt joins a waist of lace, tricotine, toillaine, or embroidered silk. This feature is original with Doucet, and its novelty should be emphasized.

It is clear that it is easier to obtain this effect without clumsiness in such fabrics as crêpe de Chine, crêpe marocain, and taffeta, rather than in heavier fabrics. One frock on this order is in black crêpe marocain cut crossway, and is gathered in by a green satin girdle which drops lower on one side than on the other and is knotted on the left hip. But this skirt submits to the bondage of the girdle on one side only. On the other side, it passes over the girdle and is fastened at the waist with two jet buttons. It is a distinctive and clever mode and brings back something of that art in costume designing which, in recent seasons, has been somewhat overshadowed by whim of fashion.

DAY TIME MODES

Tailored costumes and afternoon frocks at this house are not, as a rule, extremely short. A very pretty grège tricot de laine is often used in these tailored costumes, and drawn-work of the same material forms a trimming at the top of the hem or elsewhere. Every jacket has a belt which may be narrow or high and which is often of patent leather on the simpler costumes. Checked wool materials are in evidence, but preference is given, for these costumes, to nattine quadrillée, dialine dégradée, toillaine, and burabure.

At Doucet's, as in several other collections which I have seen,



LANVIN

Besides having a collar that stands up for itself after the favoured way, this suit of dark blue gabardine proves its allegiance to Lanvin by rounding the back of the short skirt. Its version of the waistcoat is a collar and gilet of linen, and the embroidery which one may expect nowadays is in red and white



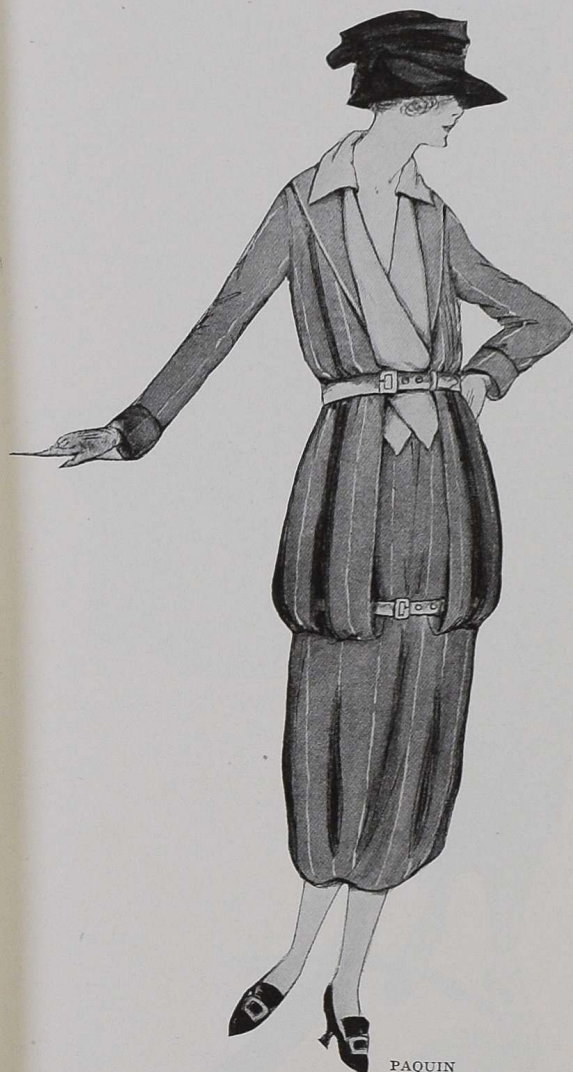
WORTH

(Left) A blue gabardine redingote agreed with a black satin skirt to make "Matinals" one of the new Worth costumes of two materials, and the result is made still more attractive by a burnt leather belt of tan and an organdie guimpe with a black cravat. The straightness of the redingote is not affected by the plaitings which compose its skirt



WORTH

(Right) "Moka" is another of those Worth frocks which are easy to wear and serve the Parisienne until the season for lighter gowns has come. The braiding attaching to bodice and skirt of this loose and yet straight frock of beige serge also serves to hold the belt in place. Collar and jabot are of crisp white organdie, and the cuff adopts the same material



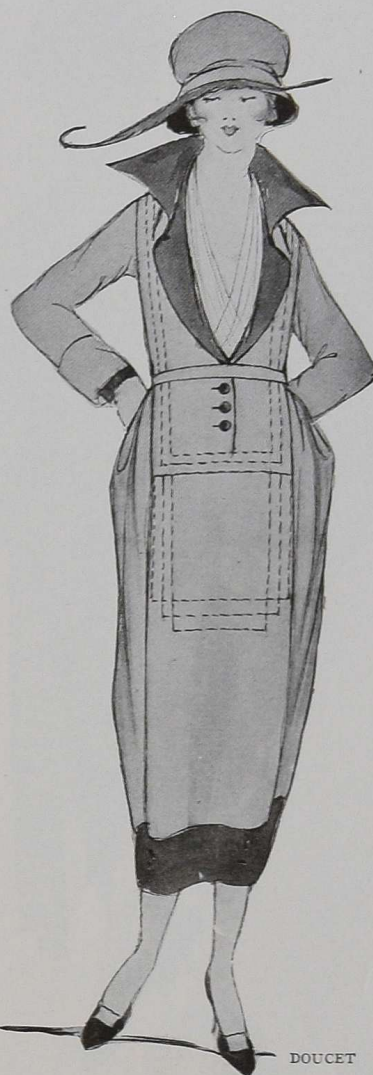
PAQUIN

there is a marked tendency to fulness on the hips. Undoubtedly next season will see us wearing gowns full to voluminousness, at least for a time.

The preferred embroideries, at this house, are Japanese both in design and in colours. Whole costumes here sometimes give the impression that some antique embroidered kimono or far Eastern garment has been brought bodily to Paris to be worn over a skirt of black or dull blue serge. Pearl embroideries appear frequently, not only on evening gowns, where we might expect them, but in pretty and novel uses on light afternoon frocks. On costumes of voile Barbeline or tissu Phrynette, these embroideries of tiny pearls unmixed with silk are hardly visible at a distance and they give the desired effect of weight. There are many frocks of foulard, plain, dotted, or largely patterned, and these have girdles of cloth-of-gold or matching fabric, which appear in the back only, serving to accent the curve of the waist.

Evening gowns in the Doucet collection are, as Doucet evening costumes always are, exceptionally lovely. The pearl-embroidered evening gowns are unusually heavy and rich, but the triumph of Doucet's collection is in the fringed gowns, a fashion which, it will be remembered, was introduced by this house several years ago. This mode has been revived there this season, but with great variation in the colour and length of the fringes and in the ways in which they are used. One chemise frock, an exquisite blue in colour, is covered from top to bottom with fringes of pearls, not hanging loose but caught at the bottom and graduated in colour and width. The bodice is lighter at the top than at the waist, and this effect is repeated in the skirt.

Sometimes on gowns of shimmering tissue de jais the entire sides are made of fringe. White tissue de jais is an ideal fabric for evening wear, and the foundation may be either white or black. Doucet features this fabric with great success, combining it with ostrich feathers which are applied in novel fashion to trim gowns as they have long trimmed hats. One long and clinging gown of white tissue de jais has the "Prince of Wales" group of three feathers, in yellow, blue, and rose, set cleverly at the left hip and the same



DOUCET

Liking one smart little belt of white and beige poulain, this suit of grey cheviot striped with white assumed another above the knees and followed the mode by an effective gilet of soft beige cloth and by grey stitching instead of embroidery. Suggestive of the old finery of doublets, the slashings in jacket and skirt open slightly with the movement of the wearer



PAQUIN

Expressive of a divided mind, this dress got as far as a black twill skirt with two flounces and side plaitings, then altered its decision in favour of a beige etamine bodice with a favoured fashion feature in its silver embroidery. Then it returned to its early choice by having black silver-embroidered twill collar and steel ball buttons



DOUCET

An unusually delightful combination of shades is this travelling frock of biscuit colour serge over a tomato coloured skirt of the same material. The tomato shade is used in the voluminous collar with its long revers. The vest is of flesh colour. In a way characteristic of Doucet, the skirt is gathered on to the straight long bodice and is stitched like the bodice, with tan thread in panel effect

In every stitch of its silver embroidery, this flowing tea-gown of tête de nègre tulle proclaims its designer, for Doucet is embroidering lavishly this year. With a slip of blue and silver lamé, a garniture of cut steel at neck and armholes, loose girdle, and long graceful train, it is a most becoming companion for the home five o'clock tea

MARTIAL
ET ARMANDMARTIAL
ET ARMAND

"Darling," a charming gown which is draped at the side gracefully and yet casually enough to glimpse the right amount of stocking, deserves its name by its lovely colour combination. Over its foundation of old-blue satin floats a mist of blue tulle with silver embroidery on skirt and manteau, and the tomato colour of the loose sash of crêpe de Chine is surprising and effective

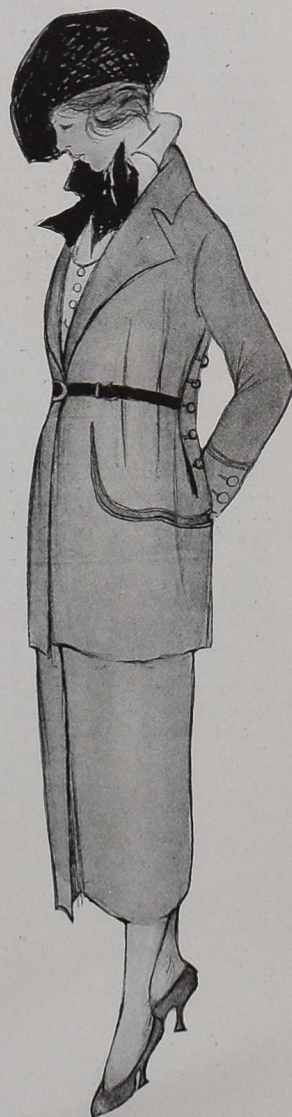


Much, much more sophisticated than its name implies, and surely destined to see a great deal of Paris, the "Y. M. C. A." model combines pale bluish green fine wool jersey and chiffon and soutache braidings into an afternoon costume. That favoured child of fashion, and of the house of Martial et Armand, the coat which forgets its sleeves and looks like a cape, is entirely of jersey with effective motifs of braiding

MARTIAL ET ARMAND

The newest evening frocks of Martial et Armand inevitably wear this adaptable gauzy drape. "Cythère," of the lovely namesake, wraps the figure in blue satin and likes the arrangement so well it decides to fasten at the side with tiny roses and silver ribbon. Its witching charm lies in a scarf of blue tulle, silver embroidered and attached to the frock, which it may wear as an airy train

By thinking the nicest things in the world about browns, the designer made "Oberle," a suit of nut colour toile de laine with a rich brown taffeta tie and suède belt. What he thought about lines is evident in the more rounding tendency at the front, the bouffant hip, and the fitted look produced by the buttoned-down plait. The new pocket required so long a thought that it went around and up the back



MARTIAL ET ARMAND

TWO TRIM ATTRACTIVE COSTUMES FOR THE DAY,

AND TWO AIRY CREATIONS FOR EVENING WEAR

note is repeated on the bodice with three smaller feathers which are curled but kept straight without the characteristic curve at the tip.

For a grey gown covered with matching paillettes, Doucet has created a novel train formed by five or six great ropes of pearls which start from the waist. These ropes of pearls are held together by fringes of ostrich feathers, five of which are set at equal distances along the length of the train. Another unusual train is of black satin ribbon a meter wide. This ribbon forms a sort of pointed overskirt in the front and is drawn together at the back where it falls in a train weighted with embroidery in gold and pearls.

The mode of this season is difficult to describe. It is, in truth, a thing of shreds and patches used with amazing ingenuity. The talent of the *Grandes Maisons* appears in their success in evolving from

the materials at their disposal such collections as this of Doucet's. From these shreds and patches they have made collections which maintain the fine French traditions of cut and line.

Now that I have seen and described this collection, I feel, as I have felt after every opening which I have seen and described this season, a sudden fear lest, by the time this letter reaches its destination, all may be completely changed. That is a thing which sometimes happens when the whimsome woman of fashion seizes upon something else which pleases her, a "something else" which she likes, selects, and impresses upon the mode. It does not seem to me that there is among us at present any woman of sufficient prestige to accomplish this, and, on the other hand, there is an inexhaustible variety in this season's mode which should satisfy every taste.

J. R. F.



One of the most delightful things about the dress rehearsal of "Le Pasteur" was Mlle. Yvonne Printemps, who looked particularly saucy in a white Liberty satin frock. The flat bodice, the roll of pearl twisted satin about the hips, and the two tiers of dripping white fringe mingled with pearls had all the bewitching coquetry of an Hawaiian dancing girl's straw skirt

(Left) A very unusual evening gown was even more unusually effective as worn by Mlle. Yvonne Printemps. The long tunic of black velours was cut in one with the straight flat bodice now so popular in Paris. The front of the skirt was open over a glinting underdress of silver cloth. The round neck was collarless, but the short sleeves were cuffed with silver

(Right) Madame Jean Perrier in "Le Pasteur" wore a very narrow, very short underslip of black satin to be conventionally smart. Then, to be quite contrary and wholly feminine, she wore a beltless overslip of jet, very long and edged with fringe. The neck and sleeves were oddly charming with their little jet and silver fish-scale trimming



BUZENET



BUZENET



Baron de Meyer

To recline at luxurious length in the sunlight which is surpassed by the rich apricot hue of one's velvet gown seems a most enviable way to spend the time. White wool heavily embroidered the sleeves, from which floats a drapery of white chiffon, and the lining is of rose and white chiffon. And when one's gown is bordered with ermine at neck and sleeves in truly regal style—well, even Cleopatre should be satisfied, should she not?



This boudoir gown of green and white velvet seems almost too splendid to spend its days inside of a boudoir. In this sphere, however, it reigns triumphant, for has not Mary Garden preferred its velvet charms, its glowing copper coloured lining, its square delightful train, its sleeves with foamy lengths of white chenille, to the fascinations of all the other boudoir gowns in Christendom?

FOOTLIGHTS ARE BRIGHT, BUT
 IRRESISTIBLE ATTRACTIONS TO
 A LIFE OF EASE ARE THE LUX-
 URIOUS NEGLIGÉES DESIGNED BY
 MRS. WALSH FOR MARY GARDEN

(Below) Since poppies are for sleep, then surely this gown in two tones of velvet, with its bold conventional design of the full-blown drowsy flowers, should wrap the wearer in luxurious repose. From the fragrant names of rose and petunia, the designer borrowed its colours, which are repeated in the delicately hued chiffon lining and in the wool embroidery forming the flowers. Wool of the same blending tones is twisted softly into a roll which makes the collar and finishes the front of the negligée

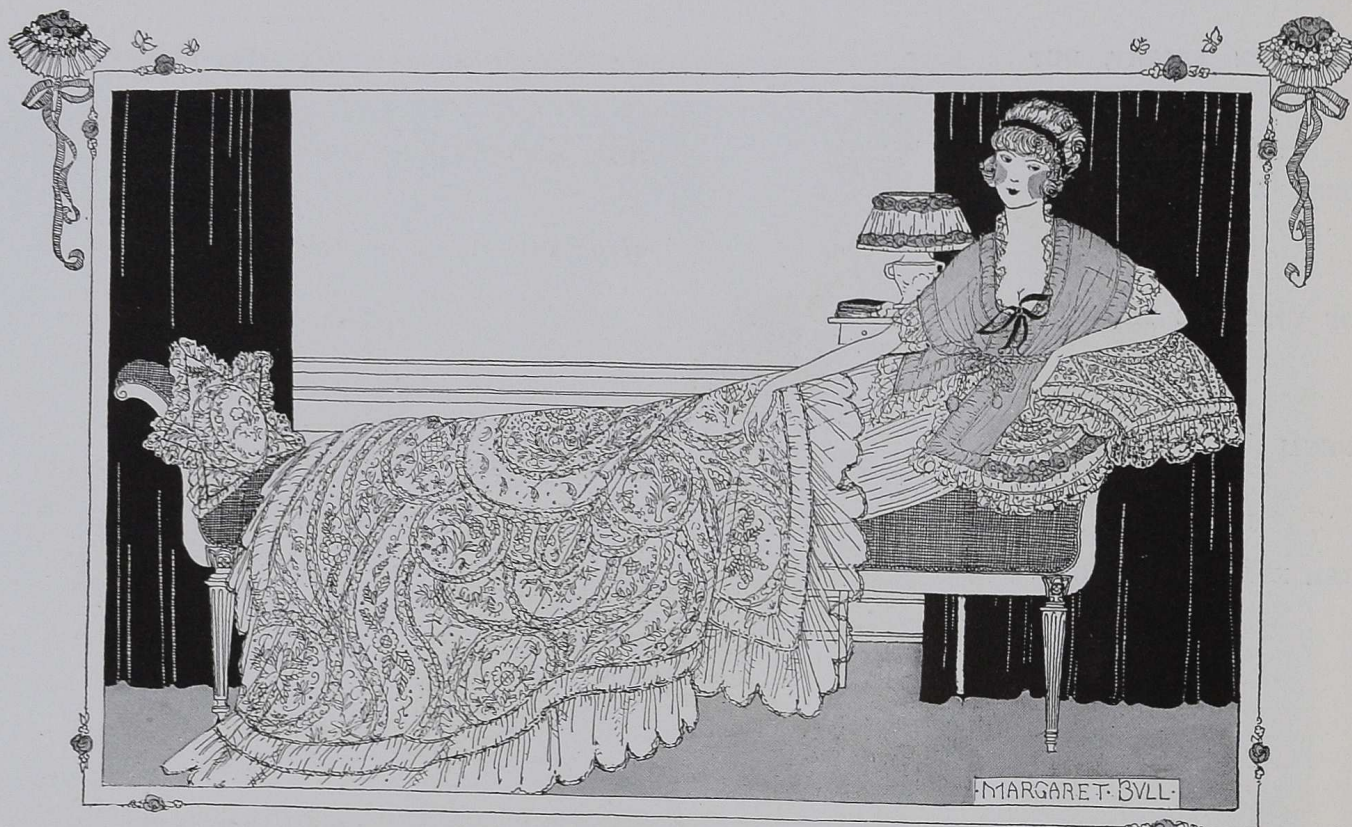


DEMEYER

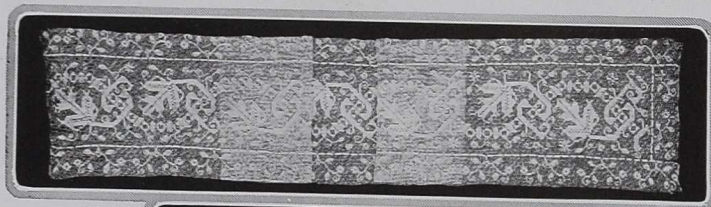
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Baron de Meyer

When shimmering pale yellow charmeuse is made into a boudoir gown with touches of delicate blues and orchids and yellows, the results might be reproduced by an artist in pastels, but are much too lovely to be shown in a medium of black and white. Embroidery floss of these flower-like hues braids itself heavily to edge neck and sleeves, and ends in tassels. The large designs in appliqué on the gown combine gold with the pastel shades, and the wide sleeves permit glimpses of another charm in the soft chiffon lining of blue



Ingenious fingers with a trick for fairy fabrics combined cream coloured net with caps of Brittany lace into a "couvre-pied." A star-shaped pillow is made of the same laces; from Madame Kargère

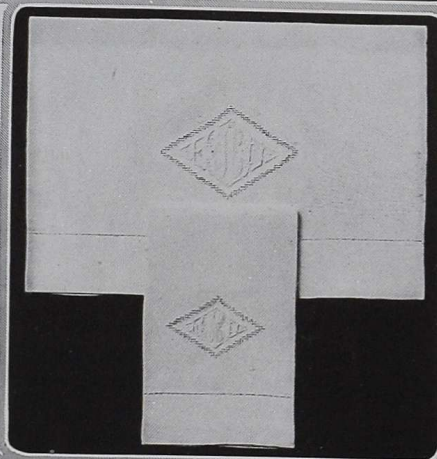


(Above) An old Italian filet lace strip, 12 inches wide and 3 yards long, would look well at the back of a davenport or on the dining-table that is not in use; from the Grande Maison de Blanc, New York

Other frivolous pillows are fashioned from the lace and net into various shapes. To match this milieu one may have a satin boudoir jacket in delicate shades of blue or rose; from Madame Kargère

TROUSSEAU GIFTS THAT POSSESS THE

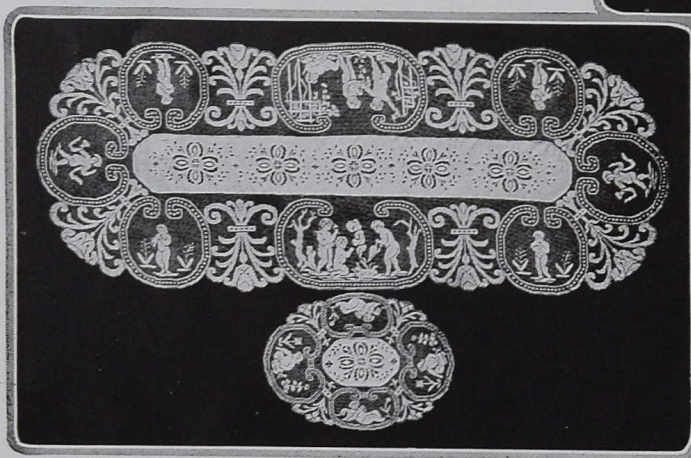
DAINTINESS SACRED TO ALL BRIDES



(Left) With a diamond shaped monogram of French à jour work, the principal initial in seeding, linen sheets, with pillow cases to match, make an attractive trousseau gift; from Ascher-Le Vin

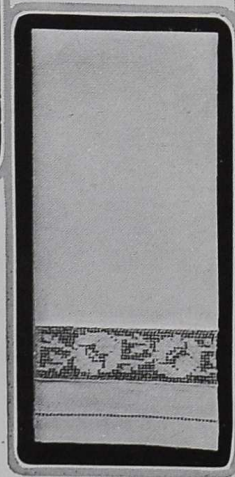
SILKS AND LINENS WHICH HAVE A

LARGE TALENT FOR LACY LOVELINESS



Of course it has a design of cupids, this luncheon set of Italian filet lace. The runner has a narrow centre of "bride" embroidery and fine Venetian stitching. Twelve oval doilies match it; from Madame Kargère

(Right) That welcome gift, the guest towel, is never more attractive than when made after the fashion shown here, of fine huck, hemstitched and set with an insertion of filet; from Ascher-Le Vin



What bridal outfit can be called complete without a tea-cloth and napkins to match? The especially lovely one shown above is made of very fine linen and has inserts of filet edging. There is also a delicate design done in cut-work; from Grande Maison de Blanc, New York

LACY SHEERNESS AND PALE COLOURS COMBINE

THEIR SOFT INSIDIOUS WAYS TO WIN A VERY

IMPORTANT PLACE IN THE BRIDE'S TROUSSEAU

MODELS FROM BENDEL



One of the most understandable of feminine foibles is lingerie of lacy sheerness and frail pale colours. Certainly no one could find a point to criticize about this three-piece set of finely plaited flesh ninon combined with real Duchess point lace, which composes the yokes of the gown and chemise and the deep flouncing on the drawers. A very French touch is added by pale blue ribbons

(Left) Soft and silky folds wrap the bride for sleep. This delicate pink omen of happy dreams is of crêpe de Chine embroidered in old-blue and trimmed at skirt edge, sleeves, and neck by bands of old-blue crêpe de Chine. The fulness at the sides extends in long becoming lines and is held at either side of the waist by narrow belts of blue. The broad low neck-line is unusually pretty



(Below) Alluring laces and ribbons have combined to tempt the indulged young bride. A breakfast jacket of pink matelassé, lined with blue ninon, has tumbling frills of cream lace on its outer edge. A boudoir pillow to go behind it is made by clever fingers which knew just how to combine "point de Venise" lace, embroidery, and Duchess lace in the most exquisite way. The chemise at the right is of flesh pink ninon finished across the top with a band of net run with two-faced ribbon of orchid and silver. Quite as lovely is the combination of batiste and Valenciennes lace that makes the robe and chemise at the left



A charming two-piece suit is composed of a smart little chemise of fine white ninon, bound with rose ninon which is hem-stitched onto the white with heavy silk, and the drawers, also bound in rose. Both the drawers and chemise have their edges finished by narrow but important ruffles of rose ninon



A black lace suit has a chemise with a pert scalloped bottom bound in rose charmeuse, and diminutive roses of satin to finish the bloomers and peep from the lace at the square chemise neck



INGENIOUS HANDS HAVE SO FASHIONED NAVY BLUE GABARDINE THAT IT SCORES
UNDENIABLE SUCCESSES—AND THIS IN A SEASON OF STRIKING COMPETITION

MODELS FROM BERGDORF GOODMAN

The slim wearer of the dark blue gabardine cape is trying to conceal her knowledge of its smartness in the conveniently enveloping folds of the deep shawl collar. Though the collar is very large there is plenty of room for the three circular tiers of gabardine that grow narrower towards the ankles. Of course there are no sleeves—just openings at either side for the arms. In several other colours and materials, even this haughty lady must admit that her cape is just as lovely. Quite a different effect has been obtained with navy blue gabardine in the frock beside it. The bodice and sleeves of gabardine disappear

under wool embroidery of a soft petunia colour, leaving the front open to no criticism whatever as to its sheer white organdie vest. The broad belt and the upward movement of the skirt embroidery are both unmistakably new French modes. At the right navy blue gabardine again proves its versatility and the important part it is playing in the season's fashions by becoming a slender fitted dress with black silk embroidered panels of gabardine down the front. The panels meet at the neck but considerably separate over a French blue linen waistcoat, which has a soft narrow collar and linen covered buttons



OUT OF NAVY BLUE GABARDINE EMERGED THREE SLENDER FROCKS, EACH DISTINGUISHED BY A CLEVER TOUCH OF TAFFETA LACING, EMBROIDERY FLOSS, OR LINEN RUFFLES

After seasons of noiseless silks, it is quite desirable to rustle softly, so a wise frock of dark blue gabardine chose an underdress of taffeta and at once became smart. To show just how much it relied on this taffeta smartness it added a broad band of taffeta latticework to the skirt and slenderer bands to either side of the bodice. The unpretentious little neck is finished by a tiny sheer collar of embroidered cream batiste. Right in the middle of the page a one-piece frock gives way to altogether charming caprices. The lines are decidedly imitative of the Eton suit, for the very short jacket swings

jauntily away from the crisp underblouse of organdie. And then, because big squashable sashes are particularly in favour, it also chooses one of these of black satin; but the very newest and cleverest thing it does is to trim its jacket and band its skirt with black silk embroidery floss, running in two different directions. In contrast to the more sophisticated whims of its neighbour, the gabardine frock at the right has an ingenuous air tucked into the French blue linen frills at its neck and sleeves, which is increased by their appearance on the long tunic. There is an invisible opening in the back



Very interesting were the costumes of Mrs. Howard Cushing and Mrs. George Baker, junior, at a recent exhibition of pictures which attracted much attention

NEW YORK DANCES THROUGH A BRILLIANT SEASON

ECHOES of the days before the war? Can it really be true? Has the world actually found time again to agitate itself about the morality of the dance? True, the town is dance mad; but when one hears the clergy discussing the ways of the fox-trot, one recalls the times when the Vernon Castles were the rage of the day; when frocks and reputations were rent asunder in the whirl of the dance; and when the tango and the maxixe flourished nightly. There is no doubt at all that the manner of dancing is undergoing a marked change these days. With the older people, the change has not been radical, but the *jeune fille* and the *jeune fils* are certainly treading measures far more lively than those of the immediate past. Far less formal, too, is the manner in which the youth of

Society Adds to Its Sparkling List of Balls
And Festivities, Whimsical and Ingenious Parties Where Only the Head Is in Fancy Dress

today hold his fair partner. Indeed, even very smart members of our younger set have drawn not unmerited censure upon their fair young heads by assuming a dancing position in which the maiden's cheek lightly but quite perceptibly touches the cheek of her escort.

At the last of the Officers' Dances given in the Della Robbia Room of the Vanderbilt Hotel, one of the hostesses who assisted Mrs. Adolf Laden-

burg wore an interesting gown of sapphire blue brocade. This gown was very straight and slender and was fashioned entirely of brocade. Dull silver shoulder straps were prolonged in the front to sustain a round jewelled ornament set with sapphires, and this combination of sapphire blue and silver was very lovely with the grey hair of the wearer. Interesting, also, and characteristic is the fashion after which Mrs. Ladenburg arranges her white hair. It is softly waved and caught into a little knot at the top of her head, and is then pulled down softly over her neck and ears and brow, and bound about with a dull silver file.

Gowns cut on straight lines are much affected by smart women this season. At a recent exhibition of pictures which attracted much attention

(Continued on page 95)

SPRING WEDDINGS ARE PERMITTED TO MAINTAIN MARTIAL
TRADITIONS EVEN IN TIMES OF PEACE, AND THESE TWO
TURNED TO THE NAVY FOR THE INDISPENSABLE GROOM



Almé Dupont

(Above) One of the spring brides will be Miss Frances Field, the daughter of Mr. Augustus Bradhurst Field of Tuxedo. Her engagement to Mr. Everett Westcott Fabyan was recently announced, and the marriage is to occur at St. Bartholomew's Church on May 3. Miss Field, who made her debut two years ago, is a member of the Junior League and has been doing important work for the Liberty Loan Committee. Mr. Fabyan is the son of Mr. Francis Wright Fabyan of Boston, and a brother of Mrs. William Augustus Read and Mrs. Theodore Frothingham, junior. At the beginning of the war he left college to enlist, receiving a commission in the Navy, and for fourteen months was in Service overseas

Miss Eleanor Townsend Darlington, the daughter of the Right Reverend James Henry Darlington of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, was married to Lieutenant Joel Ellis Fisher, U.S.N. R.F. in February. The eldest brother of the bride, Lieutenant Gilbert S. B. Darlington, who is a chaplain in the naval service, gave away the bride, while Bishop Darlington performed the marriage ceremony. The maid of honour was Miss Kate Darlington, the sister of the bride, and among the bridesmaids was Mrs. James Lenox Banks, junior. Following their return from a trip in the West, Lieutenant and Mrs. Fisher will make their home in New York



Campbell



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Mrs. Allen Gouverneur Wellman and Mrs. Frederick Frelinghuysen enjoy the interim between a morning dip and luncheon at the new Everglades Club, where luncheons are now both popular and fashionable



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It's a momentous question whether to be a mermaid or a sand lizard. Miss Katherine Kent and Miss Melissa Yuille, both of whom made their debut last year, are trying rather leisurely, to arrive at a unanimous decision



Mrs. Joseph D. Widener and her daughter, Miss Fifi Widener, of Philadelphia, are here shown en route to the surf

Miss Sheila Byrne and Miss Leslie Murray seek diversion in the surf. Miss Murray has been active in hospital work

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Mr. James W. Gerard proves himself photographer as well as diplomat. In line for the crucial moment are Colonel Frank Keech, Mrs. Charles E. Van Fleet, Jr., and Mr. Otto H. Kahn



(Left) Miss Mary Warburton, almost obscured by an enveloping cape and a huge umbrella, is the daughter of Major Barclay H. Warburton, whose home is in Philadelphia

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SOCIETY AT PALM

BEACH ENJOYS THE

SURF AND SUNSHINE



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This harmonious and almost invariable quartette consists of, from left to right, Mrs. Frederic Cruger, Mrs. John Wanamaker, Jr., Mrs. Frederick Frelinghuysen and Mrs. Dewees Dilworth. Captain Wanamaker returned from France at the end of February



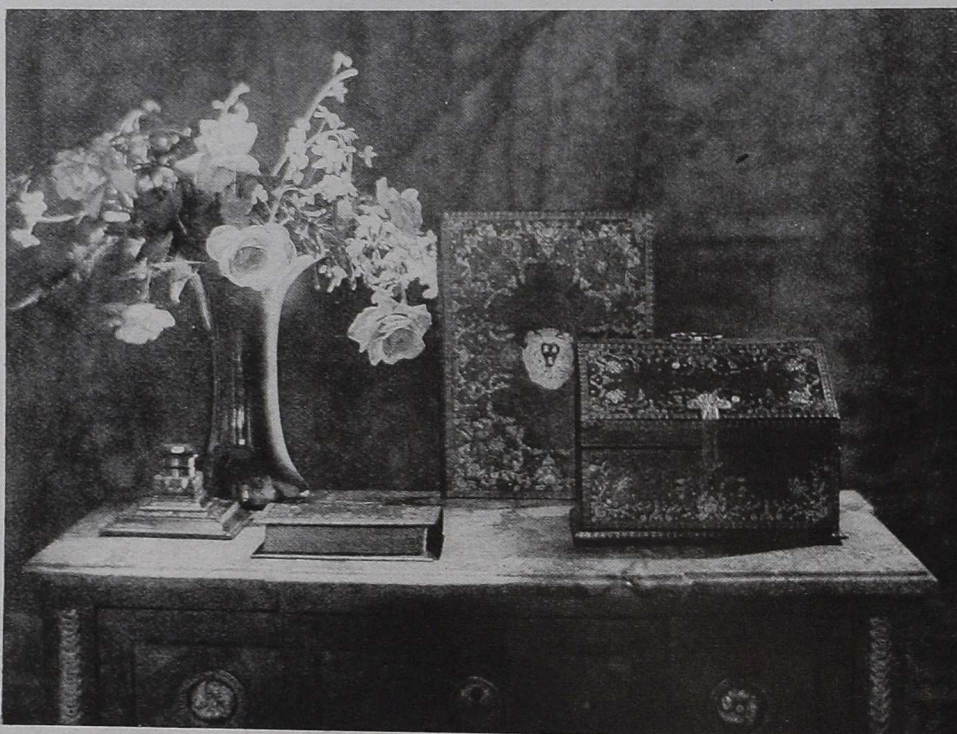
DE MEYER

Daron de Meyer

MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE

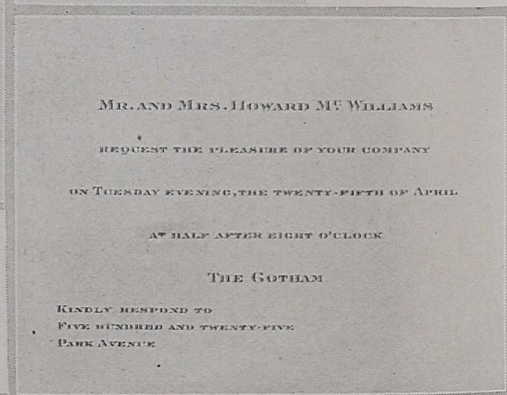
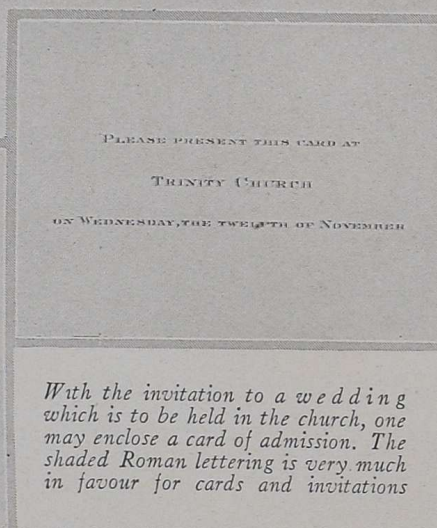
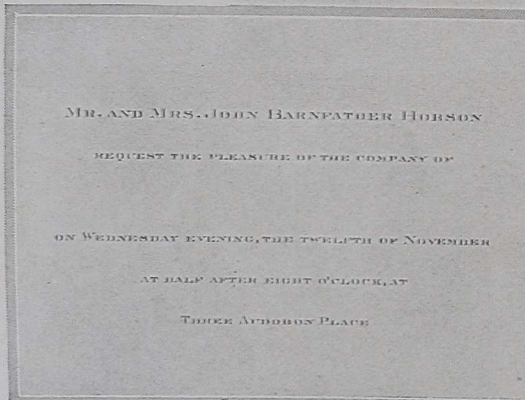
Miss Elsie de Wolfe, who has recently returned to America, is shown here very modestly bending in such a way as to conceal the Croix de Guerre which she is wearing on the front of her dress. This war medal is only given to women who have been under fire and is

essentially a soldiers' medal. It was awarded to Miss de Wolfe by General Humbert of the 31eme Armée (French) for the evacuation of the wounded in the Ambrine Hospital at Compiègne, when, under heavy bombardment in the March of 1918, the Hospital was destroyed

STATIONERY *that* BELONGS *to the* DAYS *of the* TROUSSEAU

Luxurious appointments for the bride's desk come from France, hand-tooled in gold on levant in brown, green, or blue. The stationery box, shown at the right, is especially distinctive with its beautiful clasp, and a portfolio, inkstand, telephone book, and social register cover may be had in the same attractive design.

Baron de Meyer

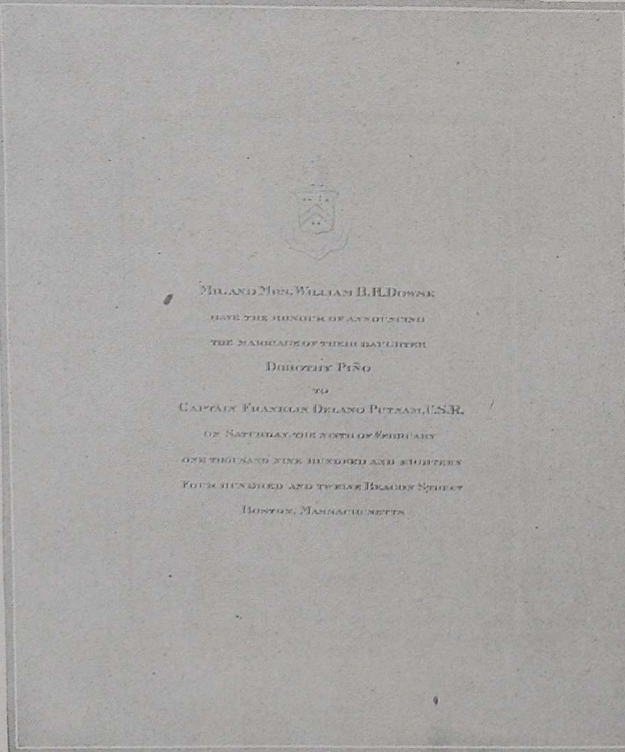


This correct invitation for an evening reception leaves a space for the guest's name. This type of card—with the hour, of course, changed to the fashionable time, five o'clock—would be equally appropriate for a wedding reception.

WHEN all the intriguing details of the trousseau have been settled, there still remains the important question of the fatal "scrap of paper" to be decided upon. Here one cannot go far wrong, since custom decrees certain conventional usages which must be strictly followed.

There are practically no changes to be noted in the conventionally correct stationery for the bride. Good taste requires that the same simplicity which has always characterized correct wedding invitations and announcements should still prevail. The invitations are engraved on a fine quality of smooth egg-shell finish heavy white paper of beautiful texture, and the prevailing mode has been to use either the plain Roman lettering or the shaded Roman lettering, although script is correct.

It is permissible to use a crest on the wedding invitation or announcement, but never a monogram of any sort. The



Entirely correct are invitations which gain typographical distinction by asking simply for "the pleasure of your company." This card is appropriate for any evening reception, or, with the hour changed, for the correct wedding reception.

correct typographical arrangement for the wedding invitation, leaving a space in which is to be written the name of the guest, is illustrated at the top of page 114. The addressing of the envelopes, of which there are always two, an inner and an outer one, will be taken care of by the stationer if a list of the wedding guests is sent to him.

If this is done at home, it is well to note that on the inner envelope only the surname appears, without the given name or address; that is to say, "Mr. and Mrs. Van Norden." This envelope, without gum, is slipped into a larger (Continued on page 93)

The announcement is worded in this fashion and is sent out on the day of the ceremony. When the family crest is used, it is embossed in silver; desk fittings and stationery from Theodore B. Starr

PARIS REVIVES A GREAT FRENCH OPERA

"CASTOR AND POLLUX," an opera by Jean-Philippe Rameau, based on the poem of Gentil-Bernard, was presented in Paris for the first time on the twenty-fourth of October, 1737. At that time twenty-one performances were given—a most successful record for any opera in that period.

Up to the time of the Regency, the music-loving public in France lent ear only to Italian compositions. Every one was a follower of the Italian Lulli, the famous director of the opera under Louis XIV. No one imagined that France might create a music of her own. It was Rameau who led the way to a music essentially French. This lends additional interest to the fact that it was in the midst of war, on the twenty-first of March, 1918—the very last night before the bombardment by the Berthas—that this opera by Rameau, one of the glories of the French nation, was revived in Paris, after a silence of more than an entire century.

PRESIDENT WILSON AT THE OPERA

Interesting, too, is the fact that on the twenty-fourth of January, 1919, a performance was given in honour of President Wilson and Mrs. Wilson. Inspired by the presence of the illustrious guests from the United States, the singers and dancers surpassed their best efforts. The President and Mrs. Wilson were welcomed by the members of the Opera administration and M. Lafferre, the Minister des Beaux-Arts. They entered their loge amidst enthusiastic cheers, after which the orchestra played "The Star Spangled Banner," and Marthe Chenal sang "La Marseillaise." The President's box was draped with a large American flag, at one corner of which were white



roses, while another corner had a profusion of red roses.

Every one, perhaps, is familiar with the story. Castor and Pollux both love Têlaire, radiant daughter of the sun, and Têlaire loves Castor. This love of the two brothers is the foundation of the tragedy. Castor is killed by a giant, and after heroic effort, Pollux resolves to go to Hades to find his slain brother and rival and restore him to Têlaire. At the entrance of Hades he is stopped by demons, but he finally puts them to flight and finds his brother. Jupiter now intercedes and decides that the brothers shall become a constellation, and, led by the sun, the planets receive them in a triumphal dance which ends the opera.

THE SETTING OF CASTOR AND POLLUX

The score of this opera remains exactly as Rameau wrote it. M. Rouché, the present director of the Opera, has neither changed nor added to it. As to the decoration, that is another matter. It was only after long search through the archives of the Library of the Opera that it was possible to find a few sketches made by the costumer Bocquet for the revival of Castor and Pollux in 1754. Regarding the stage settings, not a single record has survived. All that is known of them is that the critical reviews of the day, published in *Le Mercure*, state that the famous French artist, Boucher, made the designs for land-

(Continued on page 96)

This lovely dancer, in spite of her smiles, is very very wicked, for she was one of the "Demons" who thwarted Pollux before the gates of Hades



Bert

M. Dréza found inspiration for his costumes in the modes of the eighteenth century, which, at the far distant première of "Castor and Pollux," were the custom in the theatre, whatever might be the subject of the piece. Thus did he dress Mme. Germaine Lubin, as "L'Eclair," in "Castor and Pollux"



When Pollux reached Hades, he found, contrary to his expectation, the gayest kind of spirits, and one of the blithest was Aida Boni, première danseuse, whose light feet might well have dispelled the darkness of even those regions, which, of course, had to live up to certain gloomy reputations



Charlotte Fairchild

MRS. FISKE

As Nelly Daventry in Lawrence Eyre's new play, "Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans," Mrs. Fiske demonstrates that twenty years of added age and custom can in no way wither the charm of a belle of old New Orleans, and who could be better qualified than Mrs.

Fiske to make the proof? The play is charmingly set in a garden of Old New Orleans in Mardi Gras time. Hamilton Revelle and Georges Renavant, as the fiery Creole father and son, give admirable support to Mrs. Fiske's distinguished acting

S E E N o n t h e S T A G E

Two Plays That Remind Us of the Grandeur of Our Old
English Prose and Several That Make Us Forget It

By CLAYTON HAMILTON



Into the first act of "The Royal Vagabond" whisks a pair of dancing feet, a bit of pink tulle, and a pert red hat cocked over the arch glances of Dorothy Dickson



This saucy sprite proceeds to dance with an enchanting band-box. And just when one is entirely bewitched, the band-box is exchanged for a real dancing partner

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, in a letter written from Vailima, in December, 1893, to Henry James, stated that his two aims in fiction might be described as,—"First, war to the adjective; Second, death to the optic nerve." As a stylist, he regretted the growing tendency of the age to receive impressions through the eye alone. A public overfed on newspapers and magazines soon learns to skim them rapidly in search of subject-matter; and this faculty for gathering the content of a printed page with a single stroke of the eye is applied subsequently to the reading of books. Nothing could be more stultifying to an appreciation of either verse or prose than this pernicious practice; for verse and prose are auditory arts, not visual, and must be listened to, and even murmured with the lips, in order that their patterns may be appreciated. To the optic nerve alone, no remarkable appeal is made by such a sentence as De Quincey's, "Moonlight and the first timid tremblings of the dawn were by the time blending"; but if this phrase be read aloud, with loving intonation, a notable appeal will certainly be made to ears that have not forgotten how to hear.

CONTEMPORARY DRAMA AND
THE OPTIC NERVE

Perhaps the most important function of Stuart Walker's Portmanteau Theatre is to remind a rarely listening public of the historic grandeur of our English prose. The plays that he presents make patterns for the ear, and might be appreciated by the blind. This fact is now exceedingly unusual; because the entire tendency of the



Baron de Meyer

Among all the splendour of competing charms, Flore Révalles, one time member of Serge Diaghileff's Russian ballet, manages quite easily to make one long remember the slave girl in the new Winter Garden production, "Monte Cristo, Jr."

theatre, throughout the last half century, has been in the contrary direction. The contemporary drama has made a sort of fetish of the fact that it appeals primarily to the optic, instead of to the auditory, nerve. It was developed by Ibsen, and his many staunch successors, in a period of realism; and in the interests of realism our recent dramatists have exerted the most punctilious literary tact in the effort to prevent themselves from writing any lines that might sound at all "literary" when spoken by the actors on the stage. Our contemporary drama, for the most part, is not written in verse nor even in prose; it is written, instead, in conversation: and the most successful playwrights of the present period are those who, like Sir James Barrie in England and Mr. George M. Cohan in America, have mastered the difficult and tricky craft of writing lines that seem to catch and utter the casual drift of unpremeditated colloquy.

PLAYS FOR THE LISTENING
PUBLIC

Even romantic and poetic dramatists, like Maurice Maeterlinck, have adopted the current habit of addressing themselves primarily to the eye instead of to the ear, and have grown to rely more largely upon the visible appeal of scenery and lighting than upon the audible appeal that might be made by the whispery and slippered footfall of soft syllables or the fanfare of a trumpet-blast of rhetoric. Truly, our plays in general have become again like little children,—in the proverbial sense that, when good, they should be seen and not be heard.

But Mr. Walker has at last



Maurice Goldberg

Edith Taliaferro plays with taste and tact one of the leading rôles in "Please Get Married," a popular farce, in which neither taste nor tact are ingredients but which would cause a blush to mount to even the Frenchman's worldly cheek



Alfred Cheney Johnston

Mollie King is one of the busiest and most versatile of young women, as her singing, dancing, and mimicking in "Good Morning Judge," prove without the additional talents she displays at the Century Grove and in posing for moving pictures

discovered a romantic and poetic dramatist who still dares to write in prose,—who still prefers to appeal to the listening ear, instead of twanging at the optic nerve, as the capeadors of Spain flaunt flaming cloaks to capture the attention of the charging bull. Since the passing of his dead and deathless fellow-countryman, John Millington Synge—who was endowed with the eloquence of angels—Lord Dunsany is the only dramatist who has appeared in the English-speaking theatre to remind the public of the grandeur of our ancient English prose. Even Barrie, who began life as a man of letters, has preferred to write his dialogue in conversation; and even Bernard Shaw, for all his literary wit, has preferred to pretend that he was faithfully reporting the unpatterned speech of a generation that had never read aloud the exordium of Milton's "Areopagitica."

The history of English prose, like the history of English blank verse, may be traced back to a great beginning along a single and undeviating line. Blank verse began in English in 1588, with the drums and trappings of "Tamburlaine the Great." The previous essays of Surrey and Sackville in this medium were really not important: it was Marlowe alone who moulded for us our enduring mighty line. The new footfalls introduced successively by Shakespeare, Milton, Fletcher, Shirley, Cowper, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Stephen Phillips, are merely variations from a standard norm. Wherever English verse is chanted and listened to among the far-flung millions that en-



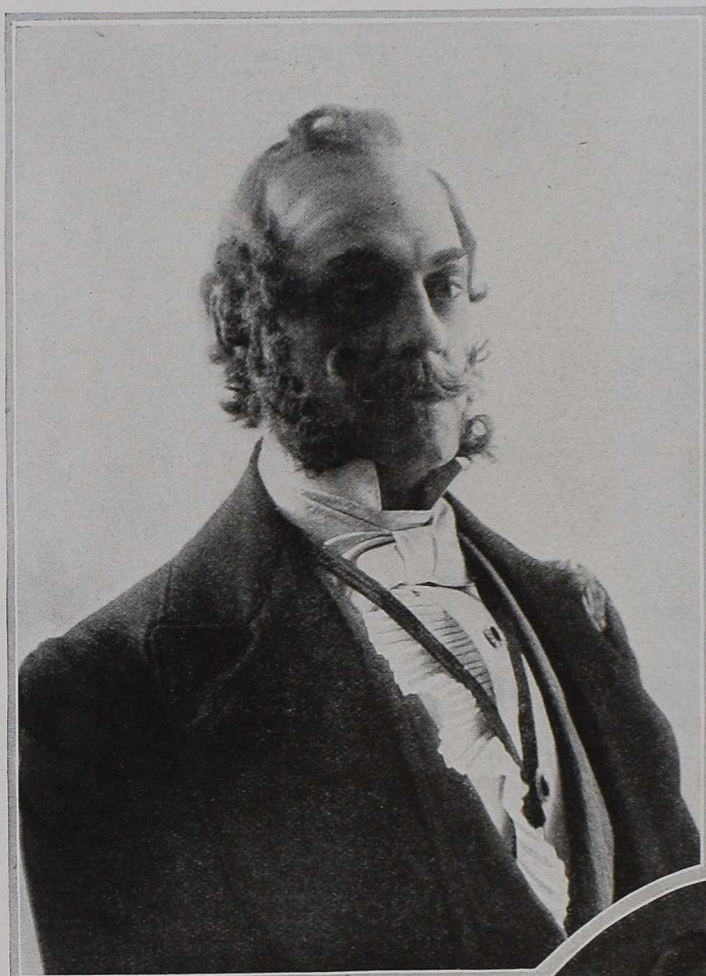
Charlotte Fairchild

Grace Fisher is one of the heroines who assist Mr. Cohan to make a success of "The Royal Vagabond." The comedy has been well called "a Cohanized opéra comique" and is proving one of the season's masterpieces

girdle the revolving world, the accents of that aureoled and flame-haired youth, who was slain by a serving-man in 1593, at the early age of twenty-nine, are still predominant and overwhelming.

English prose, analogously, dates backward along a direct, undeviating line to the King James translation of the Bible,—which remains, for all time, the greatest monument of prose in any modern language. The nameless men who, actuated by no foresight of posthumous celebrity, built up, verse by verse and chapter after chapter, that amazing monument of literary art, plucked unconsciously the loftiest of laurel-wreaths and set it as a crown upon the brow of anonymity. Our earliest deliberate organizers of English prose,—John Milton and Sir Thomas Browne,—played merely the same tune that had been already orchestrated by these nameless predecessors; and it is not at all excessive to say that no man, since the outset of the seventeenth century, has ever learned to write great prose in English unless his ear had been trained from early childhood to appreciate the orchestral voluntaries of Sir Thomas Browne. De Quincey and Stevenson were brought up, according to their own confessions, on the "Religio Medici": Ruskin and Rudyard Kipling, according to their own statements, were brought up on the English Bible; and no man, apparently, has ever yet attained a mastery of English prose whose ear, in early childhood, was not habitually trained to appreciate the slow

(Continued on page 97)



BY CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD

Lionel Barrymore—the older of the two Barrymore brothers—has made every whit as much of a success in the movies as he has on the spoken stage. In each medium he has built up an impressive gallery of character personifications, all of them deftly drawn and all memorable as being the creations of a true artist. He will assume the rôle of Colonel Ibbetson in the new film



John Barrymore, in the new film, will assume the leading rôle, that of Peter Ibbetson. Anybody who had the pleasure of seeing him in this character on the legitimate stage must remember with vivid delight the power and artistry with which he played the part, and must look forward to seeing him play it again, even if in a dramatic presentation with no spoken words



Ethel Barrymore, as the Duchess of Towers, is certain to make a success in the screen version of Du Maurier's little classic of sentiment. Although she has never played the part on the legitimate stage, there is no doubt as to the pathos, tragedy and charm with which she will invest it in the movies

The Barrymores—United on the Screen

Our Theatrical Family Triumvirate is Soon to Be Seen in a Cinema Version of "Peter Ibbetson"

ONE can't help wishing that George Du Maurier had lived another twenty years or so, in order that he might have seen the favorite romance of his pen adequately presented on the screen, a method of play production with which he was, unhappily, unfamiliar. What would have particularly pleased him, we think, in the forthcoming production by the Barrymores, is the extraordinarily sympathetic quality of their natures and art: the power of imparting to the several rôles intrusted to them the pathos, the poetry, the wistful sadness which is so important a strain in the fabric of

Du Maurier's tale, and so vital a reason for its enduring popularity as a novel. The Barrymore brothers are, fortunately, well known to American audiences in the respective parts of Colonel Ibbetson and his nephew, Peter. Their sister is appearing in the play for the first time in her career. The character of the Duchess of Towers ought to suit her to perfection, for the reason that the qualities with which Du Maurier imbued the Duchess in the story—her sympathy, her romantic charm, her elegance, her power of prevision—all seem admirably reflected in the character of Miss Barrymore.



EDMONSTON

Ruth St. Denis—Our Soul of the East

Is Now Appearing in a Series of Dances From Java, Byzantium, Siam and Greece



THE ROYAL FESTIVAL DANCE OF SIAM,—AS PERFORMED BY THE DENISHAWN DANCERS
This is only one more evidence of the rapid advances which Oriental dancing is everywhere making in America today. In costuming, lighting, stage settings, and music, the spirit of the Far East seems to be becoming more and more prevalent as an artistic basis for our ballets and dancing entertainments

His Best Friend

Or the Unanticipated Funeral Oration

By CAMI

First Act: The Lovers

SCENE: *Interior of a Bachelor Apartment.*

THE BEST FRIEND (*Alone*)

FOR twenty years I have been in love with my dearest friend's wife. Although I have a wife of my own. I have nevertheless long maintained these bachelor quarters as a convenient rendezvous for my friend's fascinating spouse. Ah, here she comes!

THE FASCINATING WIFE

I bring good news. My husband is dead.

THE BEST FRIEND

The poor chap was never in our way. He had a blind confidence in us. He never suspected that I cared for you.

THE FASCINATING WIFE

Never. My husband was a jelly-fish. He would not have dared suspect me. Yet, my dear, as his best friend, it now becomes your duty to speak a few touching words on the occasion of his burial.

THE BEST FRIEND

Yes, a few touching words as his body is lowered into the grave.

Second Act: The Jelly-fish's Revenge

SCENE: *A Family Plot in a Cemetery*

THE BEST FRIEND (*Closing his valedictory*)

"Farewell, good friend! Sleep in peace. Implacable death has smitten you at the age of fifty-nine. There is now one more angel in heaven. Farewell!"

THE ASSEMBLED RELATIVES

Her husband's best friend has spoken with deep feeling. But what have we here? They are setting up a moving picture screen and a phonograph near the burial vault.

THE HUSBAND'S ATTORNEY

I am carrying out the last wishes of the dear departed. Let no one leave. The deceased is about to make a speech.

THE ASSEMBLED RELATIVES

A speech?

THE HUSBAND'S ATTORNEY

Yes. A short time before his death my client conceived the clever idea of delivering his own funeral oration. He spoke into this phonograph in front of a moving picture camera and charged me with the duty of releasing the picture, in one reel, with phonographic accompaniment. (*The attorney gives the signal, whereupon the image of the late husband is flashed upon the screen. He is in evening dress, and appears to be addressing the assembled mourners from a rostrum.*)

THE DECEASED HUSBAND'S VOICE

Ladies and Gentlemen: You will no doubt be a trifle astonished at hearing and seeing a dead man make a speech. During the entire period of my terrestrial existence, I suffered from an inordinate timidity. I never dared reprove my wife for her shortcomings. I dreaded a scene. The result of this timidity was that the wretched woman has for years carried on a desperate affair with my best friend, here present. My timidity kept me from telling my wife and my best friend what I thought of their conduct. But I thought, nevertheless,—for twenty long years. When I felt the approach of death, I suddenly conceived this revengeful idea of a posthumous oration. Although I may have been timid in life, dear friends and relatives, you will presently see how fearless I can be in death! In life I feared to raise my voice in anger, but now that I am dead I am not afraid to shout aloud: "My best friend, you

have behaved toward me like a German pig!"

THE BEST FRIEND

But,—I object—

THE DECEASED HUSBAND'S VOICE

Had you no shame, my friend, to come here and make a speech at my grave? You, who for twenty years have been making love to my wife? You thought I did not know! But I knew everything,—to the smallest details! My wife fell in love with you that first evening I brought you to my house. Do you remember how, after dinner, you sang that ribald song:

Elle a un grain d'beauté, Clara.

Mais où ça? Mais où ça?

Au même endroit que Margoton.

Mais où donc? Mais où donc?

A la mêm'place que ma Zouzou.

Où, mais où?

THE BEST FRIEND

This is scandalous! I protest! Stop the machine! If this dead man has no consideration for himself, let him at least have some respect for this solemn spot!

THE DECEASED HUSBAND'S VOICE

And now, I am about to leave you for all time, my dear friend. But before I go, let me tell you this. Your own wife has for many years been in love with a professional tout and gambler. Your oldest daughter is even now carrying on an intrigue with a lounge lizard at the Ritz Hotel, while your youngest daughter is madly enraptured of a Bolshevik clarinet player in a Hungarian café. As to your maid servant—

(*The Best Friend leaps madly upon the phonograph, and beats it to pieces with his umbrella.*)

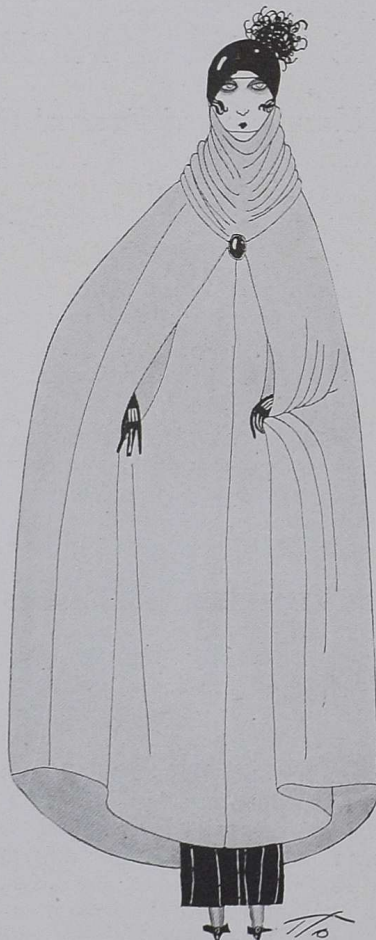
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All society plays belong to what may be called the English Breakfast school of drama; afternoon tea—great pools of it—is consumed by all the characters in the play. It must be served at least once during each act, to give the correct atmosphere. In fact, such lines as "How many lumps do you take?" and "Lemon, please, —no cream," spoken in passionate undertones, are the great dramatic crises on which the whole action hinges



This figure is a familiar one to every theatre-goer. She is the professional vampire, who goes through the drama much as the late German army went through Belgium, leaving nothing but wrecked homes behind her. She always walks with a python-like action, she usually carries a few little daggers around with her, and no known force can keep her away from tiger skins



No Scandinavian drama is complete without this lady—she is the misunderstood heroine. No one yet has ever been able to understand what she wants; her husband is always stepping on her Rights as a Human Being. She wears long, mysterious cloaks—the kind of costumes the Ibsen and Strindberg heroines always leave home in. She always goes Out into the Night—and slams the door after her



And here is the well-known indiscreet wife. She is shown here in the inevitable scene where she visits the villain's apartments. This is the most daring moment of the play—casting modesty to the winds, she takes off her evening wrap. She will, of course, leave the wrap behind her when she goes, and it will be used as exhibit A, by Arthur Travers, her proud and irate husband

It All Comes Under the Head of Drama

A Few Theatrical Sketches by Sto

HAVE you ever noticed how the same old characters are always turning up in the drama? Of course, they have different names and new costumes and their lines are written by new playwrights, but they are our good old friends, just the same. We can never enter a theatre without meeting at least one of them. They are always sure to turn up, at some time during the evening—the misunderstood lady, the vam-

pire, the married woman who never fails to visit the villain in his apartment, the insatiable tea-hounds of the society play, and all the rest of them. The only way to avoid meeting them is to stay away from the theatre altogether. No author ever seems to be able to think of a new character—they just make up new titles for the old ones, and call it a play. On this page are portrayed some faithful standbys of the drama.





Design for a gate post. Mr. Diederich's idea is that pretty nearly everybody who builds a country place ought to have some distinctive gate posts. This is a rough stone statue



A Russian fire screen. The screen itself is about twenty-two inches high and is tryptic in form. The entire pattern is carved out of iron, nickel and copper, and imposed upon a fine wire mesh



One of a set of chess men, carved out of boxwood. The knight shown here is about one and a half inches high. The other chess men correspond to it in general character



Iron weather vane, two feet high. The rooster has been made, with almost diabolical ingenuity, from dozens of pieces of metal, carefully welded together



Breakfast tray, eighteen by twelve inches. This interesting tray is the result of inlaying three or four kinds and colors of wood in such a way that none of the design need be drawn by the artist, but all of it shown by the color of the wood



Two cocks fighting,—a paper weight two and a half inches in height, the whole group being wrought in bronze, covered with a delightful verd antique patine

THE old Italians had the right idea. No artist was a real artist who could not express himself in many forms. Leonardo was the supreme example of this attitude toward an artist's duty to the world. Michelangelo and Benvenuto Cellini were also brilliant examples. In modern times, though, the theory has gone by the boards. The curse of specialization is on everything—medicine, painting, scholarship, art, music. On this page we are privileged to show that the Renaissance attitude is once more making itself felt, this time in America. Hunt Diederich is one of the best of our younger school of sculptors. His work, in marble and in bronze, long ago attracted and held the attention of the art-loving public in America. But something urged him to go further afield to express himself artistically. Accordingly, during the past five years or so, he has executed a wide and almost fantastic variety of commissions in crafts allied to sculpture. We show here from the Kingore Galleries only a few evidences of his surprising versatility in lead, copper, iron, wood, brass and steel. It should be a matter of gratification to him

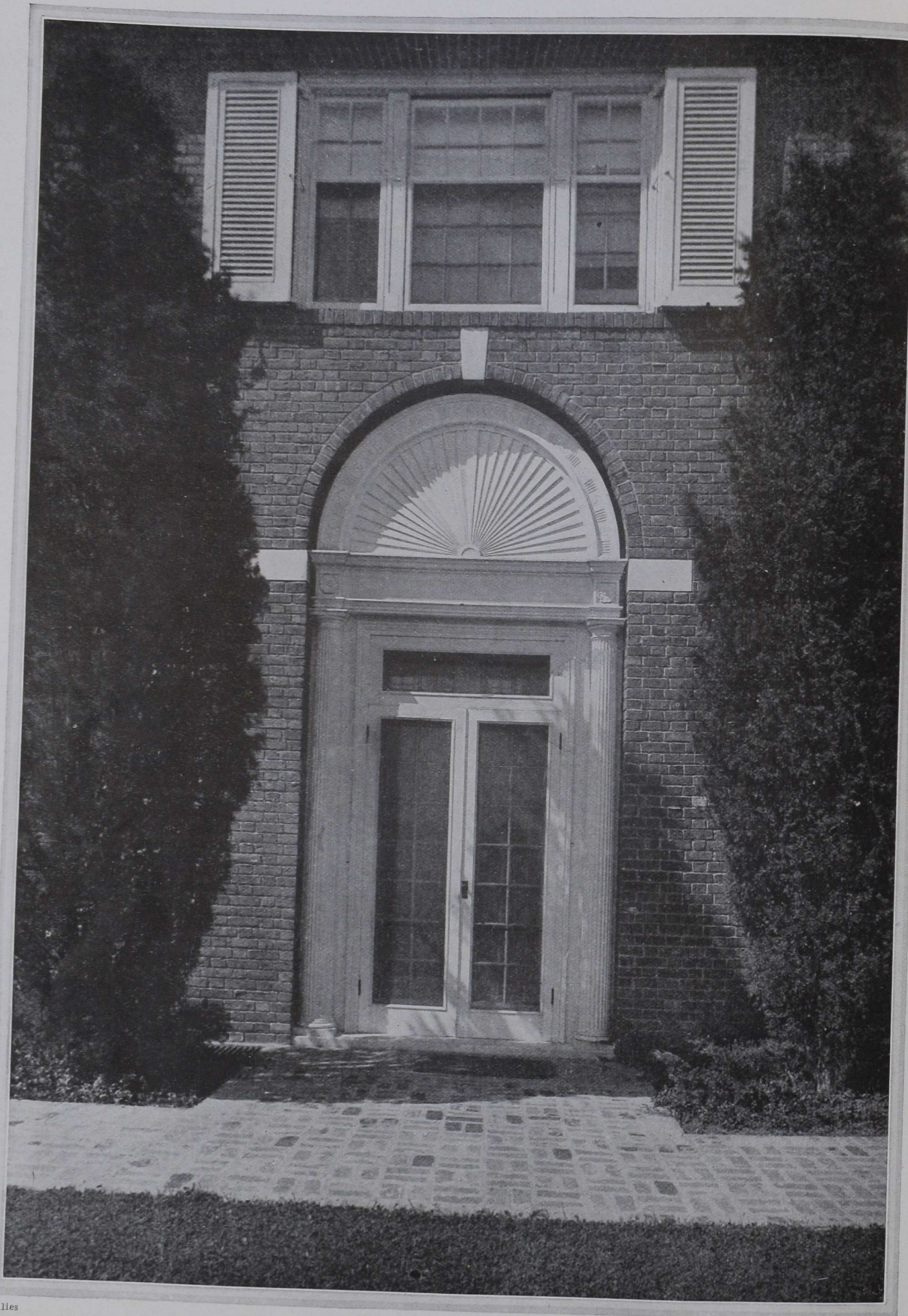
that the public has admired and patronized these new products at a rate far in advance of his ability to produce them. Our hats go off to him. If a thousand or two artists were to follow his example we should see, in this country, an immense advance in the taste of our people. So let us all impress upon our artists, the necessity for turning their attention to any useful work that may chance to come to their hand. Why is it that our lamps, telephone booths, fire screens, trophy cups, gas fixtures, umbrellas, chandeliers, ash-trays, silverware, and a thousand other objects in daily use are, almost invariably, executed in such execrable taste? Simply because dealers, manufacturers, paid mechanics, and not artists, are entrusted with the task of designing them. Give a true artist the opportunity to design any useful article whatsoever, and you will find that he is almost certain to register an advance in our slow artistic progress. The artists of the Italian Renaissance felt the need for such a service, and responded to it. The same type of men here have either not felt the need, or else felt it, and refused to respond to its call.



Balcony rail, of wrought iron and brass, five feet wide, one of a group of four different rails, now on the residence of Major James Byrne, Park Avenue, New York. The stag-hunting motive shown above has been cleverly carried out, by the sculptor, in all four of the railings

The Art and Craftsmanship of Hunt Diederich

An American Sculptor who Believes That an Artist Should Express Himself in a Wide Variety of Mediums



Gillies

A STANDARD *for* ARCHITECTURAL DETAIL

You may have often wondered why you like one architectural glimpse more than another. Nine times out of ten the one you like is a combination of many elements put together with such studied artistry that none could be detracted or added. The elements of this garden front entrance—it is the residence of M. C. Migel, Esq., at Monroe,

New York—are hard burnt, red, irregular bricks laid with a slightly struck white joint and in Flemish bond; key-block, skew-backs and sill of white marble; and the detail of the door itself in white painted wood. The shuttered window above, the brick path below and the specimen cedars frame the picture. Lewis Colt Albro, the architect

The NURSERY at BILLIE BURKE'S HOME

Occupied by Miss Florenz
Patricia Ziegfeld

IN Billie Burke's home at Hastings-on-Hudson there has been created a most delectable nursery for her small daughter, Miss Florenz Patricia Ziegfeld. It is a pink room—pink of a baby's cheeks—and has the soft tones that go with babyhood. The decorator was Mrs. Coit MacLean.

The walls that give background to the room are a delicate shell pink. For curtains there is used a gauze of the same pink—it has a silvery sheen—trimmed with a ruffle of blue taffeta. On the window seats and chair cushions is used a simple little blue and cream colored cretonne.

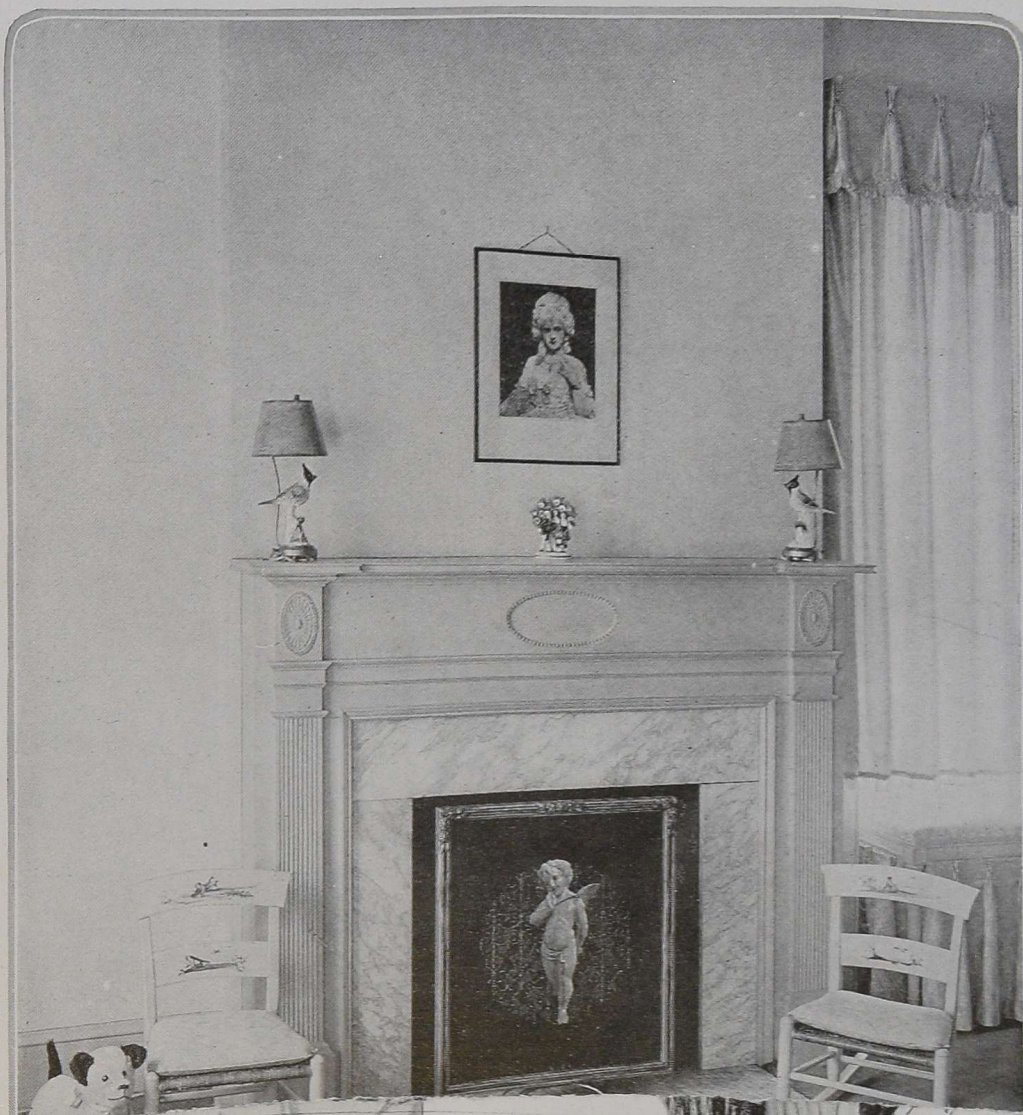
The bed, which is quite the cutest thing imaginable, is an old one and originally boasted of being mahogany. A coat of white paint changed it, and it has been decorated with a design of many delicate colors to blend exactly with the color scheme of the room.

A simple Colonial design mantel is on one side. Before it stands a fire-screen of needle-point tapestry mounted in a frame finished in dull gold and silver. It is a copy of a screen on exhibit at the Cooper Museum.

The little shields on the side lights have the same color scheme as the curtains—pink trimmed with blue—and the wall brackets are a deep cream with rose and blue flowers.

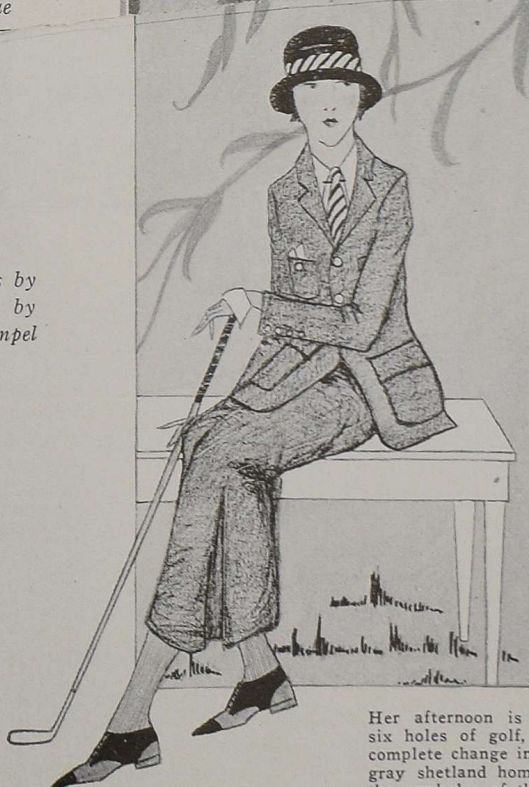
Such is the nursery and playroom of Miss Florenz Patricia Ziegfeld—a sort of dream place that also fits, if we might presume to say so, her mother.

White furniture against cream walls,
pink gauze curtains trimmed with blue
taffeta and a needlepoint fire screen—



Sports Clothes by
Wetzel, and by
Gray and Lampel

she hasn't a thing in the world to do before luncheon except walk over to Oyster Bay and back. That necessitates the second of her lightning-change acts—this time, to a costume which features a charming little coat of light blue tweed



Her afternoon is practically idle—only thirty-six holes of golf, or so. This brings about a complete change in her young life—a golf suit of gray shetland homespun, with pressed pleats at the armholes of the coat, so that it doesn't cut in on her swing. The shirt is of blue silk

And this is the end of a perfect day. Her gown is of green charmeuse with what is known as the new Paris back, so called because there isn't any. With touching confidence, she trusts all to the black velvet strap around her neck

It's All in the Day's Work at Piping Rock

Sketches by Gordon Conway

TAKING one consideration with another, a débutante certainly has a hard struggle to get along in this cruel world. Just think, for instance, all that she has to go through before she can spend a day in the country. There used to be a time when all a young girl needed, for a week-end visit, was a nightgown, a virginal toothbrush, and a limp-leather copy of "Thoughts from the Poets for

Every day in the Year." But times have changed. When a 1919 model débutante spends a day close to nature, it takes three taxicabs, an express wagon, and a couple of motor lorries to carry along her impedimenta. Her life is full of changes; she has to have all the rapid change talents of a protean artist. A débutante's day at Piping Rock is here, sartorially speaking, made manifest.

LOVELY GOWNS FOR HOURS OF LEISURE AND A NOVEL

DANCING TEA-GOWN FOR MORE FORMAL WEAR HAD THEIR

PART IN THE TROUSSEAU OF THE PRINCESS PATRICIA

MODELS FROM ENOS



The wearer of this *matinée* of rose coloured *crêpe beauté*, lined with chiffon and banded at neck and wide sleeves with ermine, should need no other apology for a life of idleness than the enveloping comfort of its soft folds



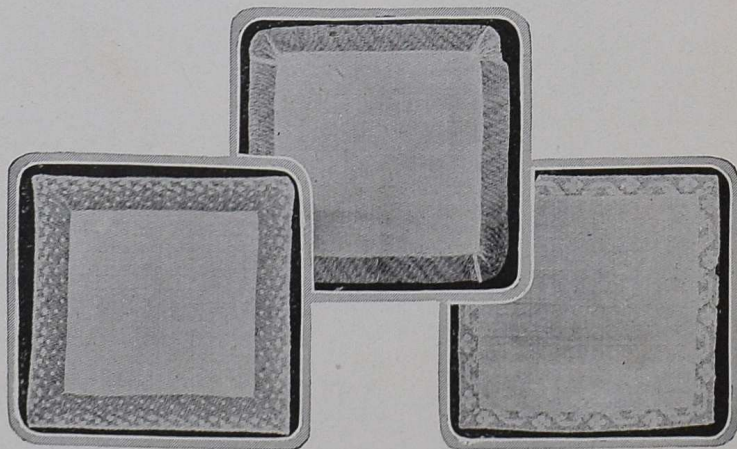
This irresistible confection of a little coat followed its preference for pale blue *crêpe beauté* by a lining of chiffon in the same shade, assumed a wide satin bow in front, and finished triumphantly in dainty chiffon plaitings



This creation of shimmering white and silver brocade is happily intended to see something of the world as a dancing tea-gown, a product of the *thé dantant* and a new addition to one's wardrobe. Its easy fulness of line is confined only by a silver band at the waist. Silver lace falls in a cascade from shoulder to hem and borders the sides of the skirt, while the *décolletage* is of gold net



Satin in a very soft shade of rose colour was the inspiration of this "robe intime" lined with domett. When it was weighted with quilting in a floral design to make a wide border for the sleeves and the hem of the skirt and enriched by a dark brown skunk collar, it proved true to its early ideal. In adopting the slip-on style, the other negligée, of blue velvet, loses nothing of its ease or attractiveness. Blue chiffon is plaited to form the underslip, and the gown is finished at the neck and sleeves with bands of squirrel




These filmy squares of linen with their exquisite lace borders show that "infinite riches" of hand-work may be included in one small accessory. Two of the handkerchiefs are daintily bordered in lace of an inch width, giving the effect of insertion. The wide border of the third is the more usual lace edging in an effective pattern

Un teint frais et naturel
est un don précieux que l'on reçoit en naissant.

Conservez-le afin de rester jeune.

“Vous resterez jeune, Madame,
aussi longtemps que votre teint.”

LA POUDRE NILDÉ

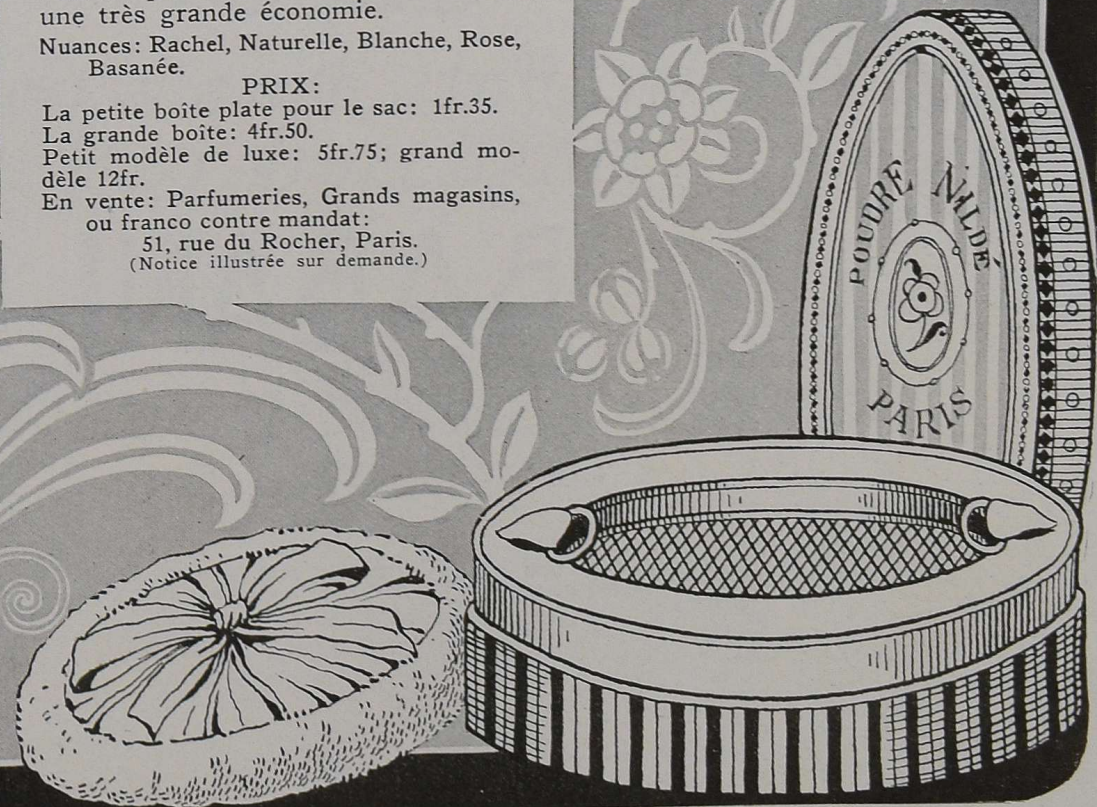
 Permet de posséder *Toujours* un teint ayant toute la fraîcheur naturelle de la jeunesse parce qu'elle protège la peau contre ses ennemis de tous les instants: le soleil ou le froid, le vent, la poussière, la pluie. La Poudre Nildé est vendue dans une boîte-tamis élégante et pratique. Le tamis évite le gaspillage de la poudre qui se produit avec les boîtes ordinaires. Il en règle, de façon automatique, la distribution sur la houppe fournie dans chaque boîte, rendant aisé ce poudrage invisible qui donne au visage l'esthétique rêvée. Il assure aussi une très grande économie.

Nuances: Rachel, Naturelle, Blanche, Rose, Basanée.

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TÉLÉPHONE - CENTRAL 43-12

THE WEDDING of a PRINCESS

(Continued from page 40)

ing bust of herself.

Another memorable thing about this most interesting wedding was the trousseau, in which each separate gown was a masterpiece from the artist hands of Reville and Rossiter, and which was so complete and varied that no vagary of mood or climate could find it unprepared with an appropriate greeting. There were evening frocks to meet the severest occasions of pomp and splendour and simple suits for simple walks along unfrequented English lanes. One evening frock of crêpe beauté satin borrowed its colour from an Eastern night sky touched with stars. The soft satin was easily draped into a becoming skirt that trailed, oh, so satisfactorily behind. The simple crossing of the bodice was outlined by a gold-embroidered key design, and just a touch of lace peeped negligently from the décolletage.

Quite different, but equally graceful, was the yellow and silver lamé cloth combined to form a gown with competing length of train, but with a charm all its own,—a hanging film of silver lace that fell over the shoulders into loose and graceful sleeves. There were afternoon frocks with rivalling at-



The Crown Princess of Sweden wore to the wedding a beige crepe frock

tractions. One of silver gray cloth lined and trimmed with the lovely shade called powder blue relied on its distinction of colour and line to gain for it the successes achieved more brilliantly by gowns such as the radiant little dinner dress of turquoise blue mouseline de soie over apple green satin, which, as if this were not gaiety enough, added a bodice and girdle of gold and green taffeta and swinging tassels of gold to the frail wing sleeves.

Princess Patricia was too practical to neglect the simpler side of her wardrobe, and there were numerous delightful examples of the tailored suit. One, in particular, deserves mention because of the smart black cloth with lines of fine white that has been so simply but so perfectly molded into a slender plaited skirt and severe belted coat, the very

sort of suit every sportswoman will envy.

Even a royal trousseau must come to an end, no doubt, but the end of this one is yet far away, and when last heard from it was lying securely among the many sturdy trunks and gay boxes that followed Princess Patricia to become Lady Victoria Ramsay's.



Saffron and silver lamé cloth combined in long shining lines—then added a film of silver lace that dropped low into sleeves

Soft apricot coloured brocade flashed temperamentally forth in multi-coloured paillettes on sleeves and underskirt



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de modèles toujours
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Jams and Marmalades

Peach, Pear, Plum, Quince and Blackberry Jams,
Orange Marmalade and Grapefruit Marmalade.

In cartons containing 1/2 dozen 26 oz.
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These sweets were much enjoyed
by our soldiers in France, and are
of the same quality as those we put
up in glass.

HONEY—Pure, extracted Clover
Honey. In 14 oz. glass jars, \$5.00 per
doz. 5 oz. glass jars, \$3.85 per doz.

Write for price list of other deli-
cacies put up in glass jars to

MISS ELLEN H. NORTH

Geneseo Jam Kitchen, Geneseo, N. Y.



THE WEDDING of a PRINCESS

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FASHIONS
FOR WOMEN

PARIS
IMPORTATIONS
AND
ORIGINAL
DESIGNS

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NEW YORK
214 BELLEVUE AVENUE
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Crêpe beauté satin of a deep night blue quite sensibly trusts its success to the soft and subtle drapery of its skirt, which drapes up and trails behind in a simple complexity that is wholly charming. A design of gold follows the simple low neck-line, and gold lace peeps mischievously from the décolletage



When a suit dares to be so very simple, one suspects it of a bit of hidden vanity, and here it almost immediately asserts itself in the smart material of black with a hair-line of white and the subtle perfection of its fitted lines

One of Princess Patricia's favourite colours is grey, and when this takes on a silvery sheen and drapes itself into a cloth frock of simple flowing line, and when it adds trimmings of exquisite powder blue,—then one does not wonder

MR. AND MRS. CLARENCE EVERETT BACON

SIXTEEN ERWIN PARK
MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY

Plain or shaded Roman lettering is the correct form for visiting-cards, which are engraved on white bristol-board. The address is in the lower right hand corner

CORRECT WEDDING STATIONERY

(Continued from page 70)

one, which is gummed for sealing and receives the name in full; that is, "Mr. and Mrs. Robert Van Norden," with the full address. Of course, the same hand-writing should be used throughout. Instead of leaving a space in which the name of the guest may be filled, a great many brides have preferred to use the time-saving device of having the words "your presence" engraved in the invitation. The smart stationers say that there has been more and more demand for this form.

REMOVE THE TISSUE-PAPER

It is well to remember to remove the piece of tissue-paper which comes with the invitations, for it is intended simply to protect one invitation from the other when they come from the engraver's.

Usually the invitations are issued in the name of the bride's parents. If,

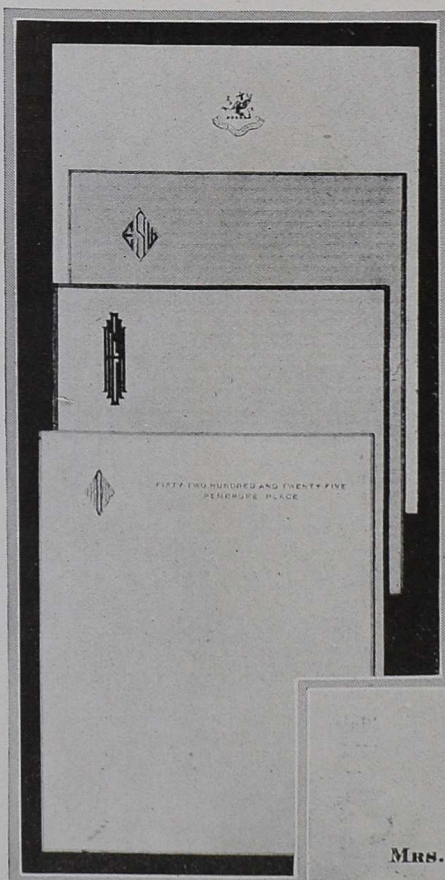
however, the bride is an orphan, the invitations may be issued in the name of the nearest relative—her grandparents, her married brother or sister, her aunt, or her uncle.

IMPORTANT DETAILS

If the wedding is to be a large one and is to be held in a church, with the wedding invitations there is frequently enclosed a card of admission, as well as another card for the reception which is to follow at the bride's home. These reception cards, of course, should be sent only to the relatives and intimate friends whom one desires to have at the reception.

When the wedding is out of town, it is customary, if desired, to enclose a train card, indicating the exact time and place that the special train leaves, for the benefit of the guests expected

(Continued on page 94)



Among the attractive note-papers which the bride may use for the acknowledging of gifts, are delicately toned self-ribbed papers in grey, fawn, and horizon blue, with the narrowest of borders of the same colour. Plain heavy white paper, too, is always correct. The monograms, smart in design, are developed on the grey paper in two tones of silver and black; on the fawn, in black and gold; and on the blue, in blue and silver. A coat of arms in silver is shown on the white note-paper at the top of the photograph

MRS. CHARLES HENRY CUSHMAN

109 EAST FIFTY-FIFTH STREET

Visiting-cards reading "Mrs. Charles Cushman" are slightly smaller than those which read "Mr. and Mrs. —" such as that shown at the top of this page



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AT Stein and Blaine's, and there only, are to be found the gowns, wraps and hats created by Miss E. M. A. Steinmetz. Faithful in every line to the original designs, they are as lovely and perfectly fitting as the finest of fabrics and expert workmanship can make them.

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MR. AND MRS. JOHN BARNFATHER HOBSON

REQUEST THE HONOUR OF THE PRESENCE OF

AT THE MARRIAGE OF THEIR DAUGHTER

RUTH

TO

MR. DONALD AMBROSE MAGINNIS

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, THE TWELFTH OF NOVEMBER

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK, AT

TRINITY CHURCH

NEW ORLEANS

Conservatism in smart stationery always prevails, and plain shaded Roman lettering for invitations is a good style. In the type of wedding invitations shown in the photograph, a space is left for the name of the guest, which should be filled in careful handwriting

CORRECT WEDDING STATIONERY

(Continued from page 93)

from a distance. These invitations should be mailed or sent by hand at least two weeks before the ceremony.

The wedding announcements, for which, also, two envelopes are required, should be mailed the day of the ceremony. With the announcement one may enclose the At Home card, giving the full name of the young couple, their new address, and also the date after which they expect to be at home. These announcements should be sent to all acquaintances who have not been invited to the ceremony.

The choice of the bride's note-paper is of equal importance. Note-paper on which she acknowledges her wedding gifts before her marriage should be monogrammed with the initials of her maiden name, preferably in the upper left hand corner. The smart young woman selects the most conservative paper, either heavy white or only the most delicate shades of beige, grey, or horizon blue. Pink, green, or bright colours of any sort are considered very bad form, and are to be avoided.

THE BRIDE'S NOTE-PAPER

The marking of the bride's note-paper for use after her marriage is a matter about which there is frequently some question. The correct method is to use the same initials in the monogram as occur in the bride's married name; if

Jane Allen marries Robert Russell, her signature becomes Jane Allen Russell. Her monogram is J. A. R.

The next important consideration for the bride is the matter of visiting-cards, and these should be unglazed and of pure white bristol board. The most popular style at present is the shaded Roman or the plain Roman. A married woman, in America, never uses any of her husband's titles on her card. It reads simply, "Mrs. Charles Haddon Fiske." Of course, if her mother-in-law's name is the same, the suffix, junior, is added to the name. The address is placed at the lower right hand corner of the card.

CORRECT CARDS

It is customary to have another card made with "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Haddon Fiske" engraved upon it. This joint card is a matter of convenience, and on it also the address should appear. This sort of card is a great convenience when the young couple wish to express their sympathy or congratulations, or in case they wish to send a gift of some kind.

The man's card is always longer and narrower than the woman's and is frequently without the address. When the bride makes her first call she must remember to leave, if she is calling on a married couple, one of her own cards and two of her husband's.



NEW YORK CONTINUES ITS DANCES

(Continued from page 66)

tion of pictures, Mrs. Howard Cushing wore a dress of black velvet cut very straight. A heavy jet ornament was suspended from the neck and fell below the waist. Mrs. Cushing is sketched at the left on page 66. An interesting little wrap of velvet, edged about the collar and sleeves with sable, was worn by Mrs. George Baker, junior, who is shown at the right in the same sketch. Beneath the wrap was a tan frock, and the costume was completed by a little round toque and tan suède shoes with stockings to match.

FANCY HEAD-DRESSES

Life this winter has been one costume dance after another. Head-dresses always play a very important part in the fancy-dress costume, and some of those which have appeared of late have been particularly successful. At the Mardi Gras Ball, given at the Ritz Carlton, Miss Beatrice Beck introduced a jewelled head-dress of a barbaric grace particularly becoming to the possessor of small even features and sleek dark hair. A quaint arrangement of white hair and a tiny soft-toned wreath was chosen by Miss Grace Hendrick for a colonial dance at the Ritz, held for the benefit of the Permanent Blind Relief War Fund. Many of the young women came in colonial costume, and there is nothing more becoming. Mrs. J. Theus Munds, formerly Miss Elsie Saltus, made a charming picture in a softly flowered gown that was in keeping with her white wig and pearls.

Almost as unexpected as fancy-dress are some of the head-dresses which one sees at the opera. The other evening, a guest in one of the important boxes wore a most unusual head-dress, con-

sisting of a bandeau of dull gold from which arose at the front a sea-green ostrich feather tipped with gold. On the same evening, Mrs. Charles de Loosy Oelrichs bound her low coiffure with a wide piece of rose coloured tulle which flowed down her back and was drawn through under her arm in a manner suggesting a scarf. It was most original and very youthful.

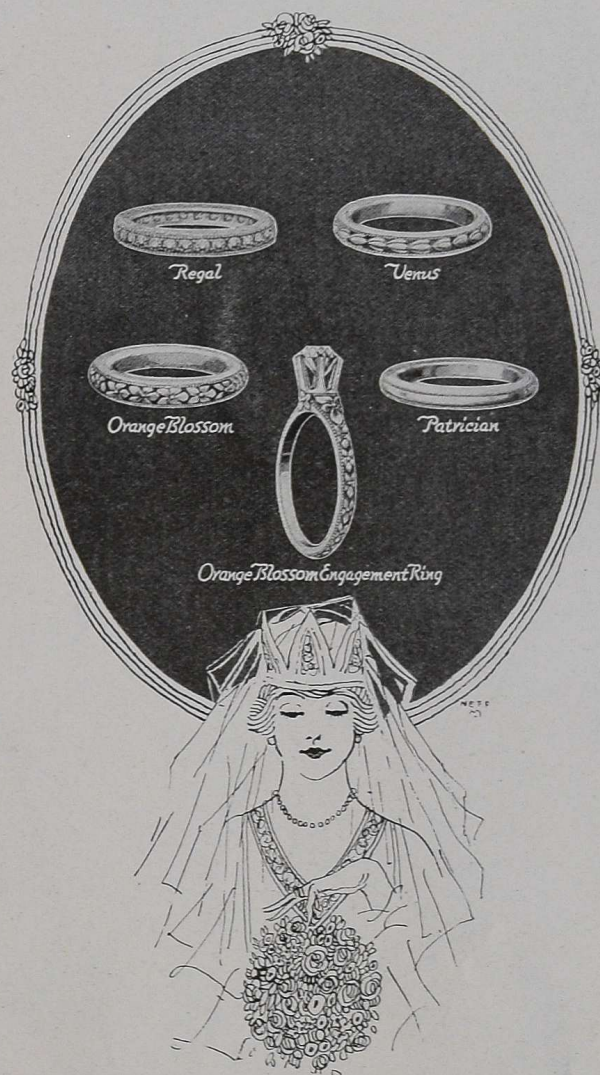
Not for many years has the opera season been so brilliant, and, instead of diminishing as the season advances, its brilliancy seems to increase. On one evening a short time ago, when Farrar gave her performance of "Thais," it seemed as though all of the most beautiful women in America had assembled.

SEVERAL LOVELY GOWNS

Mrs. Howard Cushing and Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, two lovely and contrasting types, occupied the same box. Mrs. Hoyt was charming in a gown of several shades of softest pale pink chiffon strung with corals, and Mrs. Cushing, her burnished hair contrasting with Mrs. Hoyt's dark locks, was a vision of charm in delicately brocaded white satin. A corsage of curious black velvet flowers completed her costume. With her short curling hair and delicate features, Mrs. Leonard Thomas, in a wrap of dull wine coloured velvet collared with dark fur, looked for all the world like a lovely boy. Mrs. Henry Clews, in grey and silver and a wonderful jewelled collar, typified the most interesting qualities of the American matron. To match her slim gown of sapphire blue, Mrs. Alexander Dallas Bache Pratt carried a huge sapphire blue fan and wore a bandeau of brilliant sapphires.



Recently, the Della Robbia Room of the Vanderbilt Hotel witnessed the last of the Officers' Dances, a series of gay evenings at which Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg has been hostess



THE marriage vows, and the wedding ring—how closely they are related!

From the days when the upper caste women of ancient Egypt first symbolized their love by wearing a circlet, legend has spun romantic and fascinating stories around the wedding ring.

The modern bride revels in sentiment to her heart's content, and chooses for herself a Traub Decorated Wedding Ring which expresses all the treasured romance of the occasion in honor of which it is worn.

The thoughtful man will consider well the Orange Blossom engagement ring, exquisitely chased with orange blossoms all around. It comes fashioned in platinum for the bride who is to wear a platinum Orange Blossom wedding ring, and in gold for the one who chooses gold. Nothing could be in better taste than to have the engagement and wedding ring designs alike—especially when the design is of the beautifully expressive orange blossoms.

"Wedding Sentiment" is a delightful little brochure which traces the story of the wedding ring through the dim and dusty centuries for you, and interestingly describes the Traub Decorated Wedding Rings which are the vogue of today. A copy will be sent to you upon request.

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Garfield Building Detroit, Michigan





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THE appeal of Cheney Satin Barré is emphasized by the modes of this satin season. In the suave tailored effects now demanded, the beauty of its lustre and its lovely draping qualities are especially noteworthy, whether in black, white or in any of the widely varied sport shades. The slight bar effect across its surface gives it charming vivacity.

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CHENEY SILKS



One knows, at once, that, resplendent and majestic, he could be none other than "Le Soleil" who so kindly mended the tragic fates of the brothers in a constellation

PARIS REVIVES A FRENCH OPERA

(Continued from page 71)

scape backgrounds which were greatly admired. At that time, little attention was paid to music as an art by itself, and this work, which seems to have been the leading attraction at the Opera, was a wonderful spectacle with its own special decoration, its ballet and its machinery.

LA BRUYÈRE'S THEORY

It is interesting in connection with this to recall the statement of La Bruyère in his chapter on "Works of the Mind": "It is a mistake and a mark of poor taste to say, as many do, that the machinery of the stage is mere child's play, suited only to the marionettes. These complicated settings emphasize and beautify the drama and aid in creating in the minds of the audience that delightful illusion which is the charm of the theatre. No change of scene is needed, it is true, for such plays as Racine's "Berenice" or the "Penelope" of Abbé Genest, but changes in setting are essential for operas, for the aim of these spectacles should be to hold the mind, eyes, and ears in equal enchantment."

In this amusing quotation, particular attention is due to the last phrase where, curiously enough, the pleasure of the ears is put last of all. None the less, it answers, it seems to me, the eternal criticism of those music-mad writers who are always accusing the decorators of overdoing the setting to the detriment of the music.

For the revival of "Castor et Pollux" in March, 1918, M. Rouché entrusted the sketches for the settings and the designs for the costumes to the noted French artist, M. Dréza.

Relying on wide knowledge of the epoch he had to represent and deeply impressed with the ideas of Rameau on the subject of such a spectacle as this, the purpose for which he created his music, M. Dréza wished, above all, to provide an accompaniment for this changing and sumptuous action. He has clearly understood the fact that the tragic poem is merely a link between

the music and the dance created to delight the eyes.

To M. Dréza it seemed out of the question to play this tragedy-ballet in the cold bareness of a concert hall. He makes no distinction between decoration and costume; to him they are but parts of a whole. The decoration must be simple, must not clamour for attention on its own account, but it must be sufficient to give the place of the action. Another interesting bit of Dréza's creed is that this background must always be of a most exceptional value, so that it shall emphasize all the various costumes worn by the singers.

Careful study of costumes in "Castor et Pollux" is well worth while; for it makes it possible to unite in an harmonious composition the various actors of each scene, grouped in accordance with their rôles at the back or front of the stage. They form a succession of pictures in brilliant colours, the only brilliant colour on the stage, and the decorator handles it as an illustrator might handle his palette and brush in accord with the aims which he sees in the work of musician and poet.

DESIGNING THE COSTUMES

Such collaboration from the decorator is of the highest importance, as M. Dréza has understood. It presents a strong argument in favour of this new and characteristically French plan of entrusting both stage setting and costumes to the same artist. It seems clear that we shall soon wonder why it was ever the custom to employ two different artists for this work.

For his inspiration, M. Dréza has turned to the very sources from which M. Rouché has drawn the music. It is no mere copy which they have made. They have sought to understand the eighteenth century and to recreate the spirit of it. Thus the costume worn by Castor is designed from a painting by Watteau, called the "French Actors," while the costumes of the Princess Têlaire, of Phébé, and of the chorus,

(Continued on page 99)

SEEN on the STAGE

(Continued from page 74)

dark march of measured and majestic syllables that was applauded in the high and far-off times of that curious and futile English king who patronized the arts and wrote a treatise on tobacco.

A year or two before the breaking of the recent war, Lord Dunsany stated,—"For years no style seemed to me natural but that of the Bible; and I feared I would never become a writer when I saw that other people did not use it." By this statement, he merely allied himself, as a stylist, with Stevenson and Ruskin and De Quincey and—to quote a well-remembered phrase from Philip Hemslowe's diary—"the rest." It is not possible, in writing English prose, to improve upon the sound of such phrases as, "Until the day break and the shadows flee away."

The source of Lord Dunsany's auditory inspiration becomes easily apparent when any play of his is presented on the same bill with the King James version of "The Book of Job." Compare, for instance, the footfall of these sentences—"Man, that is born of a woman, is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not"—with the footfall of these modern echoes—"Now I have known the desert and dwelt in the tents of the Arabs. There is no land like the desert and like the Arabs no people. It is all over and done; I return to the walls of my fathers."

PORTMANTEAU THEATRE

The third bill of the current season in New York of Mr. Walker's Portman-teau Theatre offered to the public a programme which included "The Tents of the Arabs," by Lord Dunsany, and "The Book of Job," in the historic English version of the King James translators.

Of these two items, the ancient Hebrew drama was, of course, the more impressive. This piece is probably the oldest dramaturgic composition still current in the theatre of the world; and its very antiquity is clearly worthy of reverence. It is constructed very simply and with unquestionable grandeur. From the modern point of view, it must be admitted, however, that the action is excessively subjective. Nothing seems to happen externally upon the stage, before the very eyes of the spectators; but everything happens, instead, within the souls of Job and his assembled collocutors. To the modern mind, this internal and analytic method of setting forth a great dramatic theme is less impressive than the synthetic external method which was employed by the reigning dramatists of ancient Greece. "The Book of Job," despite its philosophical augustness, can never touch the modern heart so poignantly as "The Trojan Women" of Euripides.

But "The Book of Job"—in that historic English version which was sent to press, three centuries ago, by an anonymous committee of immortal men of letters that had been assembled by an arbitrary fiat of King James—was written with a grandeur of great prose that must remain forever unforgettable so long as men have ears for hearkening. To hear such an artist as George Gaul recite the lines allotted to the leading character in this hoary composition is a luxury that has rarely been afforded to the listening public within the last quarter of a century. This young actor is gifted by nature with a gorgeous voice and endowed by experience with a rare ability to read. His vocal rendering of the olden golden organ-intonations of this masterpiece of English prose affords an auditory treat so glorious that it calls for a charitable emptying of all of our asylums for the blind.

"The Tents of the Arabs," also, is a singularly lovely thing to listen to. According to current standards, it is probably the least dramatic of all the many one-act plays of Lord Dunsany; but it is written very greatly in a prose whose cadences have been attuned to those traditional footfalls which have echoed down the corridors of time throughout the last three centuries. It tells a little anecdote about a king who longed to be a camel-driver and a camel-driver who longed to be a king, and how they managed to change places, so that each of them thenceforward might be happy in the destiny that formerly had been imposed upon the other. There is nothing stirringly dramatic in this story; but it lends itself to lyric treatment. It was stated long ago, in one of those acutely reasoned essays of Edgar Allan Poe, that there is no other lyric mood so poignant in appeal as the mood of longing. A lament for what has been and can never be again, or an expression of aspiration for what might be if only fate would be more kind,—these are the themes that have always touched the heart of man since Bion and Moschus first stroked their silver strings beside the blue Sicilian sea: and this great mood is beautifully rendered by Lord Dunsany in the writing of "The Tents of the Arabs." Even by the presentation of a somewhat faltering and obviously undramatic drama, it is very good to be reminded that the composition of great prose is still traditionally practised by one or two aristocrats of letters who can trace their literary lineage from Sir Thomas Browne and who listened to the English Bible when they were little boys.

The leading parts in "The Tents of the Arabs" are adequately acted by McKay Morris and Beatrice Maude; and Ellen Larned contributes an interesting rendering of an Oriental chant. On the other hand, the scenery and costumes, designed by James W. E. Reynolds, leave much to be desired.

"LA NUIT DES ROIS"

One of the most notable successes achieved by the visiting company of French players—Le Théâtre du Vieux Colombier—during the course of their first season in New York was registered by their really remarkable production of "Twelfth Night"; and this performance has been repeated recently, in response to a general request.

It goes without saying that neither the verse nor the prose of Shakespeare can be translated adequately into French; and on the French stage, the great Elizabethan is necessarily robbed of one of his most important assets,—the factor of his literary style. (Those of us who remember Sarah Bernhardt's Hamlet have never ceased to smile at recollection of the phrase, "Voilà l'obstacle!"; for, "Ay, there's the rub!"). But the staging and the acting of "La Nuit des Rois" at Le Théâtre du Vieux Colombier were so superior to anything that had been shown in recent years in our American productions of "Twelfth Night" that a critical observer was willing to close his ears to the unavoidable delinquencies of a text translated to a foreign tongue. The public will be interested to know, as a matter of information, that among the most cordial admirers of this French performance are Miss Margaret Anglin and Mr. Livingston Platt, to whom we owe the best American production of "Twelfth Night" that has been set forth in recent seasons.

The stage of Le Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, as directed by Jacques Copeau, is much more fluent than the stage that is ordinarily employed in

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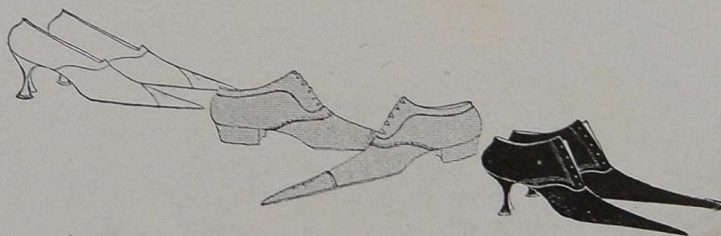
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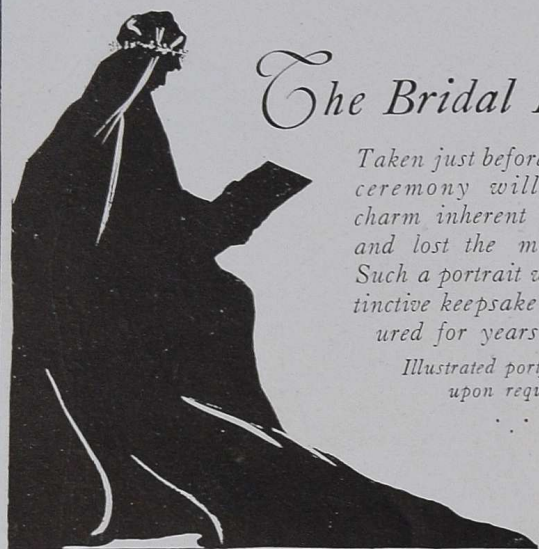
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SEEN on the STAGE

(Continued from page 97)



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our own Shakespearian productions. Actors may enter from the front and appropriate a free and unencumbered "apron" for the recitation of those narrative passages which the author intended for presentation on the fore-stage of the Elizabethan theatre. The scenery is never changed; but it is so conceived that it lends itself to a large variety of uses; and alterations in the spirit of the play, from scene to scene, are indicated subtly by alterations in the lighting. The piece, as a whole, is acted very swiftly, with no interruptions to disturb that bubbling mood of merriment which gathers like a geyser and tumbles downward like the fabled waters of Lodore.

The acting is singularly appreciative and surprisingly fine. The hit of the piece is made, oddly enough, by Lucien Weber, in the part of the singing clown; and the next most notable performance is that of Louis Jouvet in the part of Andrew Aguecheek. The Viola of Suzanne Bing is almost astonishingly meritorious, because of the extreme simplicity of her conception of the part and the downright directness of her rendering of this conception. To learn things about the playing of Shakespeare from a company of guests from France must be regarded, all in all, as a really remarkable experience.

"THE FORTUNE TELLER"

One of the most curious adventures for a critic of the arts is to watch good men go wrong. Mr. Arthur Hopkins has frequently been praised in these pages for his vision as a manager and for his manifest ability as a stage-director; yet, in "The Fortune Teller," he has chosen one of the worst plays of the year and has produced it very badly. Mr. Hopkins has a penchant for "discovering" new authors; but apparently the only fact that recommended the author of "The Fortune Teller" to his attention was the accident that the name of Leighton Graves Osmun had never been printed previously on a theatre-programme.

An idea for a play that might have been made effective is expounded at the outset of this amateurish composition. The scene is set in a circus tent; and the central figure is a female fortune teller,—middle-aged, decadent, drenched with drink, and undermined with drugs. A promising young man comes in to have his fortune told, and turns out to be her long-lost son. In order to guide him successfully through a dangerous conflict with the destiny that now apparently confronts him, the heroine renounces her addiction to alcohol and drugs, and leaves the circus in order to remain in town and give him good advice. The motive for this change of habit is trumpeted to the audience as "mother-love"; and the author does not neglect, by any means, the opportunity afforded by this theme for wallowing naked in a sea of sentimentalism.

After the initial exposition of this theme, however, the play is over and the story has been told; for the author lacked the necessary skill to erect a self-sustaining edifice on this traditional foundation. The second and third acts of "The Fortune Teller" are very dull and very difficult to sit through.

In staging this unimpressive and unappealing play, Mr. Hopkins has transformed the merits of his customary method to defects by extravagant exaggeration. The director has been praised, in the past, for his expertness in eliminating those restless crossings and recrossings of characters upon the stage which were merely traditional and obviously contrary to nature; but his method of simplification, in this respect, is carried to a contrary extreme when

he restricts so able a performer as Marjorie Rambeau to an acting-space of only six or eight square feet through the course of an entire evening. There is no sound reason, either, why the young hero should be required, in the last act, to play a long scene with his back deliberately turned upon the audience. An original manner of doing things is as much to be admired in a stage-director as in an author or a painter; but this originality of manner ceases to be admirable when it degenerates to eccentricity of mannerism.

The scenery provided by Mr. Hopkins has long been praised, with justice, for its simplicity, suggestiveness, and unimpeded appeal to the decorative imagination; but the producer can no longer be lauded from this point of view when, in setting forth a story that is supposed to happen in a rural town, he reveals a series of settings that could not possibly be seen in any small town of America.

All in all, "The Fortune Teller" is a thing to be forgotten, both speedily and irretrievably.

"PENNY WISE"

In "The Witty Fair One," by James Shirley, which was first acted in 1628, the friends of a wild young gentleman named Fowler conspire to pretend that he has died, but he turns up unexpectedly among the mourners at his own mock-funeral. For nearly three hundred years, this extravagant but entertaining posture of events has been traditional in English farce; and it crops up once again in "Penny Wise." If the authors of this latest composition had studied their predecessors with greater care, they would have learned that a situation which would, of course, be gruesome in actual experience can be made provocative of merriment upon the stage only if the practical jesters who concoct it conceive their project from motives of sheer levity and execute it in a mood of high hilarity. To permit the conspirators to plan the mock-funeral from motives that are serious and sordid is to sacrifice the sympathy of the audience and to turn the satirical into the distastefully sardonic.

"Penny Wise" was written by Mary Stafford Smith and Leslie Vyner. It is reported to have run a year in London; but it is a poor play, by reason of the fact that the various items of interest that it presents to the attention are not fused into an harmonious whole. Thus, though the plot is farcical, the piece is built and written as a rather bitter comedy of character. The various members of an impoverished family, headed by a scheming mother, pretend that her eldest son has died, blackmail the family doctor into signing a death-certificate, call in her brother, who is an undertaker by profession, and prepare to make the ruse effective by staging a mock-funeral; and the subsequent humours of the plot are derived from the difficulty of restraining the rather addle-pated living corpse from showing himself to the neighbours until his hypothetical remains have been decently buried. Ultimately this born bungler spills the beans by escaping from the mortuary chamber to a public house, where he gets hilariously drunk and, in consequence, reveals his identity to those whom it may concern.

This situation, in itself, is sound enough for farce, as the long tradition of our English drama shows; but the authors of "Penny Wise" have spoiled it by basing it upon a motive that is inimical to sympathetic levity. The purpose of the characters in engineering this elaborate fraud is to collect one

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hundred pounds of life insurance. This is a sinister and sordid motive; each of the conspirators is exhibited as a potential thief who deserves to go to jail; they lie to each other, haggle with each other, and lack even that primitive morality which requires that a crook should be a good sport with his pal. Therefore, their difficulties are not generally enjoyable.

The trouble is not that these characters are untrue to life; it is rather—since the piece appeals for popularity as farce—that the characters are all too true to make the mood of farce acceptable. They are too carefully and too elaborately drawn. Furthermore—supposing always that the primary appeal is that inherent in the situation—it was a mistake to write the dialogue in a local dialect—in this case the crude and ugly dialect of Lancashire—and to load the text with many carefully considered details of local colour. These devices are effective in a realistic comedy of character; but the time that they require for presentation on the stage is interruptive of that headlong hurried tempo which is absolutely necessary in the playing of a preposterous farce.

Dialogue in dialect is always likely to be overworded; and the lines of

"Penny Wise"—to quote an acute phrase of George Cohan's—are "full of good cuts." The actors also are to blame for slowing up the tempo of the piece; they work too long and work too hard over non-essential niceties of characterization. Louie Emery elaborately overplays the character of the sordid and despicable mother. That sterling artist, Molly Pearson, is more restrained and more artistic in her rendering of the comparatively minor rôle of the widow of the living dead man. The most amusing performance is that of William Lennox in the part of the stalking ghost that refuses to be laid. The admirable foot-work of this actor—to borrow a phrase that is familiar to patrons of the boxing-ring—is especially amusing in his drunken scene; and he plays throughout with a fine satiric sense of the comic connotations derivable from a funereal appearance.

The other performers were by no means negligible. They showed intelligence enough to make it seem regrettable that their stage-director, Lionel Atwill, had neglected to cut their lines down to the bone and to advise them to remember that oldest axiom of acting which tells us that tragedy is long but farce is fleeting.

PARIS REVIVES A FRENCH OPERA

(Continued from page 96)

recall the days of Marie Antoinette.

The ornaments worn with these costumes have been designed from the inspiration of those preserved in the Library of the Opera, which are connected with various works of that period, such as "Fêtes de Paphos," "Scamderberg," "Philémon et Baucis," and "Zénis et Almasie."

THE INFLUENCE OF THE PAST

The colour arrangements are Dreza's own, and the decoration is the result of imagination and a study of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The tomb of Castor in the first act, however, is made from a chalk drawing by the ornamentist Delafosse, found in the library of the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. The starting point of the Temple of Jupiter, also, was a sepia drawing preserved in the Library of the Opera. For the last act, which is laid near Sparta, the setting has been painted from a sketch made by M. Dréza at Orvieto.

The apotheosis of Castor and Pollux is presented with correct scientific accord with the Copernican theory. The planets dance about the sun and are themselves encircled by their satellites.

In this revival of "Castor et Pollux," we have been given the most beautiful exhibition of French art which it has been our good fortune to see in a very

long time. So great has been the enthusiasm for Russian decoration, that we have had no eyes for anything save such mad riots of colour as Scheherzade, and there has seemed danger that we should lose entirely our pleasure in the harmonious serenely beautiful settings of the fine French tradition.

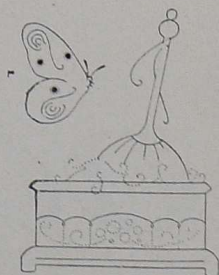
The setting of Castor and Pollux takes us back to the exquisite taste of that wonderful period which extends from the seventeenth century to the beginning of the nineteenth. The last act, where the costumes are all white in the perfumed blue haze of the Elysian Fields, is not to be forgotten in its fine wealth of detail and in the admirable effect of the whole setting.

RAMEAU ON STAGE SETTING

Rameau said at the end of his long life, when giving advice about the setting of a play, "I have still taste, but I have no longer any genius whatever."

Good taste, that, after all is one of the highest virtues which we can accord a decorator, and it is the very quality which we distinguish in the very individual and brilliant work of M. Dréza. It is a characteristically French quality, and this decorator, and also M. Rouché, the director of the opera, have shown us clearly how completely they belong to that nation.

J. R. F.

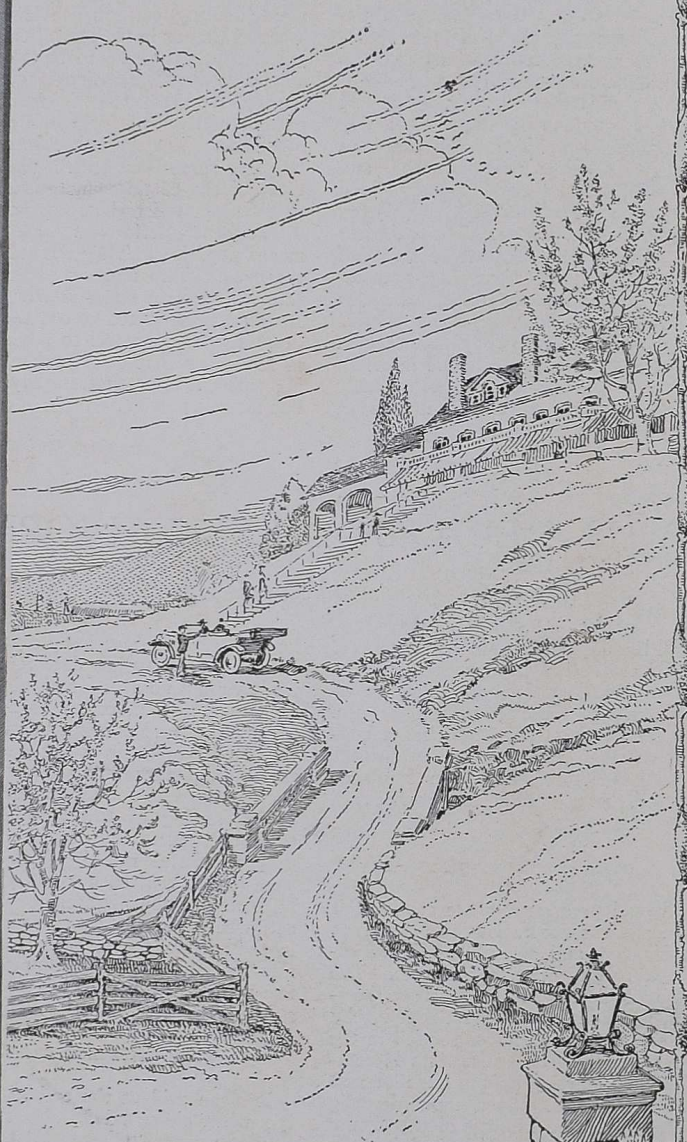


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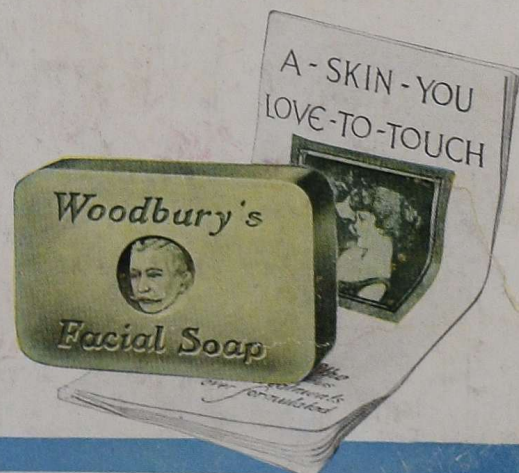
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